THE FOOL Turn'd Critick: A COMEDY:

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royall.

By His Majesties Servants.

By *T. D.* Gent.

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE.

HE *who comes hither with deſign to hiſs,*
And with a bum revers'd, to whiſper Miſs,
To comb a Perriwig, or to ſhew gay cloathes,
Or to vent Antique non-ſence with new oaths,
Our Poet welcomes as the Muſes friend;
For hee'l by irony each Play commend.
Next theſe we welcome ſuch as briskly dine,
At Locket's, *at* Giſford's, *or with* Shataline.
Swell'd with Pottage, and the Burgundian *Grape,*
They hither come to take a kindly nap.
In theſe our Poet don't conceive much harm;
For they pay well, and keep our benches warm.
And though ſcarce half awake, ſome Playes they dam,
They do't by Whole-ſail; not by Ounce, and Dram.
But when fierce Criticks get them in their clutch,
They're crueller then the Tirannick Dutch.
And with more Art, do diſlocate each Scene,
Then in Amboyna *they the limbs of men.*
They wrack each line, and every word unknit,
As if they'd find away to cramp all Wit.
They are the terror of all adventurers here,
The very objects of their hate and fear,
And like rude Common-wealths they ſtill are knit
'Gainſt Engliſh Plays, the Monarchyes of wit,
They invade Poetique Liſence, and ſtill rail
At Plays, to which in duty they ſhould vail.
Yet ſtill the' infeſt this Coaſt to fiſh for jeſts,
To ſupplement their Wits at City feaſts.
Thus much for Criticks: to the more generous Wit,
Our Poet Frankly, does each Scene ſubmit;
And begs your kind Allience to ingage
Thoſe Hogen interlopers of the Stage.

PROLOGUE

The Fool turn'd CRITICK.

ACT. I.

Scene I. *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Frank Amorous, *and* Bernard.

Frank. Pish, never doubt it man, thou ſhalt enjoy her;
Give me thy hand, I ſay thou ſhalt: a man of thy
Perfections, and deſpair of gaining a ſlight woman?
Come, come, no more, Thou ſhalt poſſeſs her *Bernard.*

Ber. Prithee *Frank*,
Leave off thy Railery, thy mirth's unſeaſonable;
I am not pleas'd to hear thee flatter me
With hopes of what thou never canſt perform,
Eſpecially this way.

Frank. Haſt thou a Faith?
Canſt thou believe the thing thou ſeeſt atchiev'd?
Give credit to an act is done and finiſh'd before thy Eyes?

Ber. Yes ſure, I could do that.

Frank. Why then I ſay once more aloud to thee,
Thou ſhalt enjoy this woman; I will, to do thee
A kindneſs, be an honourable Procurer.

Ber. Ha! Procurer!

Frank. Nay, nay, miſtake me not, I mean I'le get her for thee.
Procurer, or Match-maker, its all one,
The word has ſeveral meanings.

Ber. Though I know thy vanity to be ſuch, that in

Thy thoughts thou couldſt do wonders, but
Thy power, barren as Earth on Rocks of
Unknown height; yet in thy words lies ſomething
that is pleaſing, though far from my belief,
Thou canſt perform it.

Frank. Try me, and if I do not. ——

Ber. How canſt thou think to do't, Thou know'ſt her not,
Art unacquainted with her Family, Friends and Relations.

Frank. I grant I am Sir — But Heaven be prais'd I'm
Owner of a certain confidence, that never fails
To uſher my acquaintance with any of that Sex,
The leaſt thing that of a thouſand.

Ber. But thou art wild, and wavering in thy Temper,
Apt to run out into Extravagancies, unfit for her
To hear, much leſs commend. Canſt thou be ſerious *Frank.*

Frank. Canſt thou be wiſe — ſerious —
Ud's death, doſt take her for an Abbeſs?
Or one o'th Zealots at *Amſterdam?*
That thou doſt School me thus — hark, hark,
Bernard, Were ſhe a Widdow zealouſly devout,
One doting on ſome brawny ſuburb Parſon,
That preaches, following him the way to Heaven;
A meſs of phraſes, ſerious, loud and chiming, might
Work upon her Spirit: But a Girl who is as
Thou deſcrib'ſt her, free and airy, ſanguine of her
Complexion, young and healthy, a ſerious ſpeech
To her, is like a long Grace to one of an eager
Appetite, fruitleſs, as 'tis diſtaſtful.

Ber. But prithee how — what wilt thou ſay to her?

Frank. I know not yet — but do not doubt me, I'le do
Thy buſineſs; never fear it *Bernard:* Thou haſt,
I thank thee, ſupply'd me with money, and thereby croſt
My miſerable Fathers purpoſe of marrying me
To an old Widow here i'th City. — And to gratifie
Thee, this Woman ſhall be thine — and by my means.

Ber. A ſtrange confidence!
But perhaps — he knows ſomething of her — That
Makes him thus preſume — I am reſolv'd to try —
Well *Frank*, this once I'le truſt Thee — I am to
Night invited by her Father to Supper; Thou ſhalt
Go with me; and if thou canſt perform this,
Thou art my Friend indeed.

Frank. And thou ſhalt find me ſo, Come lets away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Old Winelove, Tim, Smallwit.

Old Wine. Is your name *Smallwit?*
Small. *Jervas Smallwit*, Sir. the meaneſt of your Worſhips
Humble Servants, One that ſhall prouder be to kiſs
Your hand, then to be crown'd with Laurel by *Apollo.*
Old Wine. Good Mr. *Smallwit!*
No Flowers of Rhetorick to me, your ſtock I fear
Will be exhauſted ſoon enough, — by him there,
Without this loſs on me, you are commended to me
By a good Friend of mine, Old Sir *Formal Ancient.*
Small. He is my Patron Sir.
Old Wine. He ſends me word, you have your Tropes and Figures,
Your Syllogiſms, Epithetes and Phraſes, I could
Have nam'd e'm right in my young days, ready by heart,
And that you can accoſt, Repartee, come on, draw off,
Retreat, and hold diſcourſe even with the beſt of
Our Tongue Combatants.
Small. I ſhould do ſomething Sir, I've ſtudied long for't.
Old Wine. And that you can with fair becoming Grace,
And modiſh cringes vouch your gallantry
'Gainſt any Squire of the Pantofle
Within the Kings Dominion.
Small. I hope I can Sir.
Old Wine. Very well — I'm glad on't:
I'm very glad your skill is ſo unqueſtion'd,
There's one will want it all — and more I doubt not.
Come hither Sir.
Small. Is this the Gentleman?
Old Wine. The ſame Sir, — 'tis my Heir, the only he
That ever call'd me Father;
And though he ſeems to have but a courſe outſide,
He has a cunning Headpiece — a ſhrewd pate;
His inner Rooms are furniſht well Sir,
Take my word; beſides, he keeps good Company
That edifie him much, good Singing, Dancing, Swearing,
Jovial Company; Then has ſeen all the new Plays;
And you'l find him a Proficient.
Small. It were a ſin to doubt it Sir.
Old Wine. Yet though he be well furniſht thus by nature,
He has not the Town virtues, Talk and Impudence;
No modiſh Gallantry to g'oſs his parts, and make e'm ſhine,

Small. Sir fear not, hee'l ſoon learn.
Old Wine. I ſhould be griev'd elſe, troth I ſhould Sir.
Now I would have you Sir as you are ſtil'd
The *Mercury*, nay the *Apollo* of this age
To teach him theſe indowments — I would have him
Learn how to Court his Miſtreſs, huff a Rival
That croſſes his deſigns, quarrel with Bullies,
And pick a Wench up with alacrity.
Then to ſee Plays, and how to ſtrut i'th Pit,
Manage his Combe, ſwear modiſhly Gad damme;
Talk aloud, to make his parts be noted.
Small. Never doubt Sir,
He ſhall be ſoon inſtructed with theſe Rules.
Old Wine. And when the Play's begun, I'de have him ſit
In the Wits Corner, play the Critick, hiſs
At any thing he do's not underſtand:
Be the Scene ne're ſo witty — That's no matter,
'Tis Modiſh and Gentile.
Small. He ſhall not fail Sir:
Nay he ſhall hold a parley with the Wits:
Propound and anſwer things beyond his knowledge,
And yet come off with credit.
Old Wine. Shall he ſaith?
Shall he come off with credit? — do but that Sir,
Bring him but off with credit, and you bleſs me;
And I'le not be ungrateful — ſee here's 50 Guineys;
This as an Earneſt of my future Bounty:
And if he come off, and as thou ſayſt, with credit,
A hundred more ſhall pay obeyſance to Thee!
Tim, come hither *Tim*, how doſt Thou like this Gentleman?
Ha, prithee tell me, — Come be not ſo baſhful.
You two muſt be acquainted.
Tim. Faith Sir, — I like him very well — But —
Old Wine. But — piſh no Buts — hee'l make a Courtier *Tim.*
Small. Ah, do not fear it Sir, The Squire and I
Shall ſoon be intimate, wee'l be Chamber-fellows,
Be Drunk together, Sing and Roar together,
Ramble till two i'th Morning, and then Slip
Into ſome private Lodging in the Parke,
And get a Wench or two.
Tim. Withall my heart:
A very pleaſant fellow; I like him Sir extreamly.
Old Wine. Nay, doubt him not Sir, he is cock oth' game,
I told you, you ſhould find him a true *Winelove:*
He had it from his Father, — ay in my capring days:

I would have Wreſtled, Leapt, Run, pitch'd the Bar;
And kiſt a ſound Wench in a froſty morning,
With any Squire in *Northampton-ſhire*:
But now, I muſt confeſs my Ages Autumn,
Baffles my weak endeavours.
Small. Oh, not ſo Sir.
Old Wine. Faith 'tis very true —— but 'tis no matter,
Be you but careful to inſtruct my Son;
'Tis all I wiſh —— in him my youth ſhall flouriſh:
And be you ſure *Tim*, to obſerve his Doctrine,
Follow his Precepts with a greedy Eare;
And let me ſee you ſtrut it in the Streets,
Diſplay thy Garniture, Hat, Curl'd Shaddrew
With my bully Gameſter, in *White-Fryers*.
Ne're doubt the means, Thou ſhalt have Money ſtore,
I have been ſcraping it this 50 year:
And thou ſhalt never want that my Boy.
Tim. I will do what you pleaſe Sir.
Old Wine. Why, I would have you *Tim*, to be a Fine Courtier.
A Jauntee, Modiſh follower of the times,
Hah wilt thou ſtrive?
Tim. Yes Sir, I will ſtrive;
I'le be as Impudent as you pleaſe to have me.
Old Wine. Wilt thou? -- why, well ſaid - ha, what think you now Sir.
Small. A pregnant Wit, believe me Sir.
Tim. And Sir, to ſhow my duty more —— I will be drunk
Very often, lye a Bed all day, and riſe at midnight;
I'le get a Wench Sir, and if you think good a Clap,
And then I ſhall be ſure to be o'th faſhion.
Old Wine. Now by Honour rarely thought upon,
A Clap indeed is Modiſh.
Tim. I Sir, 'tis ſo,
Old Wine. Wee'l talk further of this point within:
I muſt entreat you Sir to dine with me,
Pray let us be Familiar.
Small. I am in troth too bold Sir.
Old Wine. Fye not a jot —— come lets in —— *Tim* follow your Tutor.
Tim. Yes Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Hall.*

Enter Sir Formal Ancient, *and* Penelope.

Sir *For.* Daughter I ſay, be wiſe; theſe are ill times,
And we ſhould therefore be more provident:

I do not like this *Bernard*, that frequents
My houſe, and your company; Daughter I ſay,
I do not like him.

Pen. Why Sir?

Sir *For.* Nay, nay, I know not that; yet to ſatisfie you,
His Father was a roaring Cavalier,
Apeaching Raskal, that betray'd our Faction:
H' had like to hang'd my Uncle; and for that trick
I hate the generation: Yet to ſay truth,
It is a Courteous Varlet, and 'a my conſcience,
Would ſtake his Life for his Friend: but what then,
His Lineage all were Knaves, conforming Rogue's;
Fellowes that ſtrain'd their throats for a free ſtate,
And for that cauſe I hate 'em.

Pen. You are my Father Sir, and 'twould be thought
Great folly in me to queſtion your Commands,
Much leſs deny 'em.

Sir *For.* How, deny 'em!
Dare you deny my commmands.

Pen. Sir, you miſtake, I alwayes meant to obey
What you and Heaven ſhould impoſe upon me.

Sir *For.* Didſt thou not ſay at firſt,
Thou would'ſt deny my juſt Commands.

Pen. No Sir, I ſaid 'twas folly in me to deny 'em.

Sir *For.* And doſt no doubt diſſemble with me,

Pen. Believe me Sir, I do not, I am now
As I was ever, ready to obey you,
In any juſt Command.

Sir *For.* Thou art my Daughter, and ſhould'ſt practiſe duty;
Therefore I ſay once more, and with a parent like authority,
I do not like this *Bernard*, therefore Diſcard him;
See that my doors cloſe lockt oppoſe his entrance:
I have no houſe-room for him, tell him ſo,
How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's one Sir *Peter Winelove* at the three *Crane Tavern*, deſires your Company about Earneſt Buſineſs.

Sir *For.* Go tell him I come —— I gueſs his Buſineſs, [*Exit Servant*
He has a Son lately come out 'oth Country;
And wants a Wife —— Daughter go you to your Cloſet,
Fall on your knees, and pray my hopes may be ſucceſsful:
There is a Bleſſing coming, and I'le work for't [*Exit.*

Pen. Such Bleſſings I expect not, nor deſire:
—— when 'ere I marry, or intend it, my Father

I ſee

I ſee, by this Carriage to *Bernard*, will oppoſe it,
If it ſuites not with his liking, I'me vext;
Extreamly vext at my ill Fortune, and though
I have no paſſion for this *Bernard*, he do's
Deſerve it: And it might have been my Fate, as
Well as now 'tis his: Well — I'le leave all to
Time; the Dice may turn, and I may yet be happy.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a Lady, accompanied with a Gentleman
Below is come to viſit you.
Pen. Wait on 'em in. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Franck Amorous *and* Lucia.

Dearеſt Madam, a thouſand, thouſand Welcomes;
To what happy accident am I obliged,
That obliged me with your preſence.
Luc. To no accident; I came to Sit and talk with you:
Or if thou like the Weather, lets take a turn in
The Parke: I have been ſo melancholly ſince
My Brother went out of the Town.
Pen. Is not that *Franck Amorous*? Heavens! 'tis he,
— how came he with her [*Aſide.*
Madam, what Gentleman is that?
Luc. Why, don't you know him?
Pen. Not I.
Luc. No, that's ſtrange, I met him at the door;
And hearing me ask for you, pretended buſineſs,
And deſir'd the favour to conduct me to you.
Pen. Buſineſs with me? What this ſhould mean I know not.
Fran. Madam, although 'its my unhappineſs to be a ſtranger
To you, and conſequently to be deſtitute of what
Would make me bleſt, could I obtain it — your
Acquaintance, yet emboldned by the Cauſe, I
Preſume to tell you that I have Buſineſs.
Pen. With me?
Fran. Madam, with you.
Pen. Heaven grant it be to'th purpoſe: Madam I beg,
Your excuſe for a Minutes Conference — pray
Declare it Sir.
Fran. I have a Friend that Loves you.
Pen. Well Sir.
Fran. That dyes for you.

Pen.

Pen. Not unlikely.

Fran. And to this Friend, have I engaged my honour,
That you ſhall.

Pen. What!

Fran. Receive his Love — permit him to enjoy you,
The only Cure I know.

Pen. But whence Sir ſprings your Confidence in my conſent,
That you durſt promiſe this?

Fran. Why, Faith no Confidence in you, but in my own
Ability, made me do't: Beſides, the knowledge
I have that a woman of honour, as you are, or
Would at leaſt be thought, could not refuſe ſo
Fervent an addreſs, when offered by ſo brave
A Gentleman; eſpecially when urged by perſwaſions.

Pen. I will not trouble my ſelf with reproving your vanity;
That were a fruitleſs work, but I deſire to know,
Who 'tis that is thus pain'd — pray Sir, what is he?

Fran. Why, Faith a man, that were a Non Parelio,
But that he doats on women — a general fault.
Ye have the Aſcendant over us.
This Paper will make all plain;
There you may read his name.

Pen. Well I am ſtrangely taken with this Fellow; [*Aſide.*
How many *Bernards* live in him. [*Reads.*

Fran. I cannot much blame *Bernard* for his choice;
This is no ordinary woman, and therefore not
To be diſpis'd: But yonders a Lady, through whoſe
Vizard — I met an eye that darted fire into me —
What a preſence ſhe has: Now would I give a
Million for an inviſible hand to ſnatch away that Mask.

Pen. Well Sir, I've read the Letter — and to let you
See, I neither ſlight the meſſage nor the Bearer:
I'le Write an Anſwer to it; he may hope
Still, aſſure him I will do't: In the mean time
I will not fail to commend your fidelity.
Madam, I'le wait upon you inſtantly, pleaſe you to
Permit this Gentleman to keep you Company; I know
Him now, and can aſſure the general voice of
Fame denotes him Noble. [*Exit.*

Fran. So, this has introduced me, and I'le forward:
This muſt be a rare woman: [*Bowes to her.*
[*She lets fall her Mask, he ſnatches it up.*
How great a reaſon have I to bleſs
Fortune, that by an accident permits my eye,
The view of ſo much Excellence.

Luc.

Luc. No Excellence Sir.
Fran. 'Ifaith it is — O caſt away that cloud,
That ſhuts up ſo much Beauty.
Luc. Pray ſpare your Rhetorick, and let me tell you Sir,
I hate a flatterer,
As I hate the Devil, and would as ſoon avoid him.
Fran. A flatterer Madam, damn him — I hope
You have heard nothing in my words,
That you ſhould take me for flatterer;
I know too much of honour to diſſemble.
Luc. Pardon me Sir, If I make doubt of that,
You are a man I hope.
Fran. I was this morning.
Luc. And are yet, doubt not, — if ſo you may diſſemble
By th' charter of your Sex.
Fran. But your known beauty, by all ſo much admir'd,
Deſerves, nor needs no flattery; beſides I
Applaud a truth, and that is ſtill allow'd.
Luc. By ſome I grant it is — and ſince your ſearching wit
Has thruſt me on Diſcourſe againſt my will;
I'le let you know my temper.
I hate a man that flatters worſe then death;
He that ſhould fawn, and ſooth me in my Errour;
I'de ſhun him, as I would the Peſtilence —
I am not made perhaps of the ſame mould,
That other women are; I do not love to hear
A Fop cry Madam, I vow to gad that ſmile
Became you ſweetly.
No 'tis a careleſs, blunt, and
Manly Carriage that likes me beſt — Beſides
Sir, I think 'tis newer, and more modiſh.
Fran. 'Tis a witty Wanton —
There's no way but to wheel about; and begin with
Her in her own Stile — Madam I muſt confeſs,
I did miſtake your temper; but from henceforth,
You ſhall perceive I am more given to ſatyriſe,
Then flatter or diſſemble.
Luc. I am glad on't.
Fran. Fortune in this hath been moſt kind to me, to make
Me worthy of your joy.
Luc. Still in that vein — take heed.
Fran. I have done Madam — the Divels in me;
I cannot out of my road, though I am puniſh'd for't.
Luc. I doubt not but I am meanly priz'd in your thoughts,
For being thus free.

Fran. No, no, not much for that; — I know your Sexes frailty.

Luc. Our frailty.

Fran. I your ambition, or call it worſe, your pride.

Luc. But pray refreſh your memory Sir,
Did not you firſt accoſt me, did not you long
To break the Ice, and ſpeak to me? come confeſs.

Fran. I long to ſpeak to you, ha, ha, ha, that's fine;
Pray Madam, recollect, peruſe your ſelf,
What is there in that face that I ſhould long for?
I think I fit her now. [*Aſide.*
— long to ſpeak to you. — That's a good jeſt i'faith.

Luc. If I miſtake, and am indeed ſo indifferent in your eye,
As you declare I am; you will oblidge your ſelf
To remove from me to ſome more taking object.

Fran. No Madam, you may do what you pleaſe — I have buſineſs.

Luc. I ſhall not want intreaty. [*Is going away.*

Fran. 'Ds death ſhe's going indeed — Madam, ſweet Madam,
What do you mean? Now have I like a Puppy,
Overdone my part, and made her angry — you
Will not go in earneſt?

Luc. I uſe not Sir to jeſt with ſtrangers.

Fran. You know I did this but in obedience to your
Command, far from my own good Temper, Heaven
Knows, and if your mind be changed, and you affect
Another Courtſhip better — 'tis but wheeling a little
Way about again: Madam, I'le be with you preſently.

Luc. No Sir, 'tis needleſs, I am very well ſatisfied in
The knowledge of your Temper, as I hope you are
Of mine, and am at preſent very unwilling to
Urge a further tryal.

Fran. Then make me ſo happy to know your Lodging,
That I may have liberty to pay my duty to you,
In requital of this favour.

Luc. That I cannot neither, he that Loves me muſt ſeek me;
Perhaps the reward will not be worth the ſearch:
But 'tis my humour Sir.

Fran. Nay, now you are cruel Madam — 'ſdeath do
You make a Beagle of me, and think I can
Hunt you out, upon the ſcent? I'faith you
Are too rigorous.

Luc. My words are irrevocable, and 'twill be diſcretion
In you not to urge me further.

Fran. I've done, and will be patient — but if I do
Meet you again, as it ſhall go very hard if I
Do not; I will — but no matter, let this ſuffice

At

At preſent, I love you beyond thought, and will
Find a time to let you know't at large.

Enter Penelope *with a Letter written.*

Pen. Here Sir, 'tis done; I have in this diſcover'd
My mind to him: And beſides, have given him to
Underſtand how much he is engaged to you:
But let him for a time forbear our houſe,
It is my fathers pleaſure; his mind may alter
And ſet all right again. Pray tell him ſo.

Fran. Madam, you have oblidg'd us both, and I ſhall be
Moſt happy in an imployment to gratifie
This favour; in the mean time, all I can do is to
Acknowledge it, and live your humble ſervant.
Fair Madam yours —— 'dsdeath ſhe'l perceive my
Extaſie —— Ladies —— your ſervant —— [*Exit.*

[*Turns back and ſighs.*

Pen. Well I do love this Fellow, and will
Deviſe ſome means that he ſhall know it;
Come Madam lets abroad.

Luc. I am ready to wait on you.

Pen. He has a cunning Tongue, but that I value little: No,
The choice of prudent Judgments I approve;
Honour and virtue, muſt obtain my Love. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT. II.

Scene I. *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Bernard.

Ber. TO be in Love, is to be mad, and live a phraſe,
That rarely fits my preſent diſpoſition; for
Certainly if I had ſenſe, or any reaſon left,
I ſhould have kept my ſelf free, at leaſt from Love,
The plague of all mankind.
Sure the Devil, when Providence firſt
Quicken'd men with life, mingled this amorous
Poyſon with their blood, as a continual torment.

Enter Frank Amorous.

Frank. Dear *Frank!* — what return'd already?
Well! and how go matters? ha! didſt ſpeak to her?
Frank. Yes, I did ſpeak to her, and thanks to my good Tongue,
And fluent Rhetorick, a great deal, a great deal
To the purpoſe — hark, — thy buſineſs is done, —
She's thine, ſhe's thine Rogue.
Ber. But art thou in earneſt? prithee do not flatter me:
For to fall from theſe hopes to which thou haſt rais'd me,
Would be a horrid Torture.
Frank. Peruſe this Paper, and then credit me; 'tis her own
Handy-work: Sir, I aſſure you I could have had
A Token for you, a Ring, or a ſlight Bracelet
From her Arm; but that I thought 'twas needleſs.
Ber. A Letter, and from her? I am tranſported!
My beſt of Friends! how am I bound to thee?
I almoſt fear to read what's Writ within, leaſt
The Exceſs of my delight ſhould kill me.
But I muſt venture.
Frank. I prithee come, let's hear it.
Ber. reads, *I have ſuch a ſenſible knowledge of your ſufferings, That I would willingly, if it could be without prejudice of my Honour, redreſs e'm: But Mr.* Amorous *can certifie you; to whom you are infinitely oblig'd for his fidelity.*
Frank. D'e mark that *Bernard?*

Ber.

Ber. reads, *That 'tis not mine, but my Fathers will, that debars your coming; which also can be affirmed by your worthy Friend, sweet Mr.* Amorous.

Frank. Ha! this is more then I expected, well go thy
Ways, thou art a kind hearted little Rogue,
I'le say that for thee.

Ber. reads. *But from henceforth I desire you to have patience, and pray for an alteration, and forget not to be grateful to the deserving and noble Mr.* Amorous. *Your Friend* Penelope.

Frank. Very well! do'st hear
What a commendable Character she gives me?

Ber. I do Sir, —— a thousand suspicions gnaw my heart. [*reads again.*
Can be affirm'd by your worthy Friend sweet Mr. Amorous, ——
'dsdeath, she loves him, 'tis plain —— [*reads still.*
(Still more!) her phrase is passionate, oh dull!
Dull Fool! to trust him with a secret to undo thee.

Frank. Come, prithee what art thou musing on?
Methinks this should make thee leap for joy;
Sing Catches, Frisk, and know no Earth to tread on:
What a Devil ayl'st thou?

Ber. Nothing Sir, nothing, only a sudden Melancholly.

Frank. Melancholly, Apox upon't, laugh it away man;
Think on thy Mistriss; thou seest I've done thy business.

Ber. Ha! ——

Frank. Ha! why dost thou stare on me?

Ber. The business!

Frank. I the next visit shall finish it.

Ber. Dares he upbraid me? Sir, you shall answer this.

Frank. Answer that —— d'slight he's jealous; I find it now, and now I consider on my past proceedings, it may be he has cause; her commendations in her Letter were somewhat more then Ordinary: She addrest her self to him, but her praises were for me. ('Tis so) what a damn'd dull Rogue was I not to receive it? I'le go visit her straight, and if I find her true, Friend I shall not fear to answer your demand, though with the hazard of my Life and Fortune. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Tavern.*

Enter Old Winelove, Tim, Formall, Smallwit, Drawer.

Old Wine. Well done *Tim*, bravely done Boy —— Drawer, Sirrah give him t'other glass of Sack for that last action, and my little Minion of the Muses bring him but to't; let me but hear him talkt of in the Play-house, fear'd by the Bullies, and renown'd in Taverns, and I will be a Friend to thee for ever.

Small.

Small. Your bounty Sir, has ſeal'd me yours: believe he ſhall within a little ſpace of time be famous, and ſuch a one as you could wiſh he was; he has already profited extreamly.

Old Wine. But prithee let me ſee that Congie over again, and your poſture; i'faith 'twas very modiſh: Come *Tim*, prithee once again.

Small. Look Sir in Company, take notice your Garniture, ſit adjuſtee, and advantagiouſly as you can, eſpecially if you are among Ladies; and let your Comb be ready thus for your Perriwig; whether it want or no 'tis a good poſture: if you are ſaluted, make your Congie thus, with a ſtart, your head bowing to your left Shoulder, as if it meant to kiſs it. Very well! what think you of that Sir? did he not do that better then the laſt?

Old Wine. i'Faith 'twas very well, Sir *Formall* did you ſee it?

Sir For. Yes, but to tell you the truth, I am not for this new Fantaſtick way I like your ancient cuſtom, the old way of ſaluting gravely, 'tis more manly; theſe cringing Tumblers poſtures I like not. Give me your method of fair ſalutation, a rule to grace behaviour. Theſe new ways approv'd by being o'th' faſhion, meet not my approbation.

Old Wine. Old *Formall*, ſtill i'faith —— but mind him not Boy: I'me pleaſed to ſee thee exerciſe thy parts with Judgement and Diſcretion, Perſevere Boy, Thou haſt thy Fathers word for't, go on and proſper.

Tim. And ſo I have Sir, never doubt, I have deſigns here budding in this pate of mine, that cannot chuſe but proſper; but methinks my Father in Law there, that muſt be, gives me ſmall encouragement.

Old Wine. Oh! 'tis no matter, do not mind what he ſays: He! alas poor Dotard, only underſtood the way to purchaſe wealth, and make his Daughter a Fortune fit to embrace thee, that's his Maſterpiece.

Sir For. Mr. *Winelove*, I hold it prudence in you firſt to deck his mind with internal Endowments, before you proceed to external Ornaments; for the Body, mark me Sir, is but as a Tenement, bare and unfurniſht, till the mind adorns it with her Houſhold-ſtuff.

Old Wine. Sir, he ſhall be adorn'd both ways; his mind ſhall be the buſineſs of his Tutor; his body of his Taylor; he ſhall be perfect, do not doubt Sir *Formall*.

Tim. I Sir, never doubt me, I have a ſpirit I aſſure you, perhaps a Wit too adorn'd with Endowments, ſuch as you mention; and by my Tutors help I may in time be able to diſcourſe with —— I'le ſay no more —— your Daughter —— but let that paſs.

Old Wine. Why well ſaid *Tim* —— thy Fathers temper juſt.

Tim. Now I have a great mind to carp at ſome of his words, if I had but confidence enough to pretend to be a Critick.

Old

Old Wine. Well ſaid again i'faith, why now I like thee; this ſhows thy ready Wit to apprehend; I'me pleaſed with this extremely.

Small. Sir, you ſhall find great alteration in him within theſe two days; for take it from me, he has a ripening Genius, a Wit that will be poynant, and Satyrical; and ſome perhaps will find it.

Enter Fidlers.

1ſt. *Fid.* Will it pleaſe you Gentlemen to hear a new Leſſon, or a Song A-la-mode.

Sir For. S'bud you impertinent Raskal get you gone,
Or I'le ſo batter that Muſical ſconce of yours.
(Song A-la-mode) Quotha, I had as lieve hear a
Gibb Catt howl, and as much pleaſure I take in't.

Old Wine. Fie Sir *Formall*, this is plain raſhneſs, beat a poor fellow for offering to divert you.

Sir For. Divert me with a Pox. —— Sirrah do not provoke me, but go.

Old Wine. Stay friend, ſtay, this is only a little peeviſh
Blood he has within him —— 'twill be allay'd preſently.
Sir *Andrew*, for my ſake have a little patience; why,
We came hither to be merry; 'tis a day of Jubilee,
I'faith he ſhall Sing.

Sir For. Sir, were his Songs moral and edifying, I ſhould diſpence with the noiſe; but this is a lewd Rogue, that gleans up all the fragments of caſt Bawdy to make Songs A-la-mode, as he calls 'um: Sirrah can you ſing the battle of *Mardike?*

1ſt. *Fid.* No indeed Sir.

Sir For. I told you ſo — not ſing the Battel of *Mardike?* Why thou ignorant Rogue, where haſt thou bin bred?

(Sings) *And huffing, And puffing,*
And Snuffing, And Cuffing the Spaniard:
Whoſe Brows have bin dy'd in a Tan-yard,
Well got Fame, a Warriours Wife.

Old Wine. O brave Sir *Formal.*

Sir *For.* Ah Sir, there's ſome matter in this now, an ill bred Raskal, not ſing the Battle of *Mardike.* Here's
Near a child in *Banbury* of 7 years old, but can
Sing the Battle of *Mardike*, and has it readier then
His Horn-book.

Tim. Now have I a jeſt for my Father in Law there, if I Durſt ſpeak it.

Small. What is it Sir,

Tim.

Tim. To have told him, that no body would wonder at his Mettle and testy humour, knowing he was born at *Banbury*.

Small. Amongst the Tinkers.

Tim. Ay i'gad, was not that a good one.

Small. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

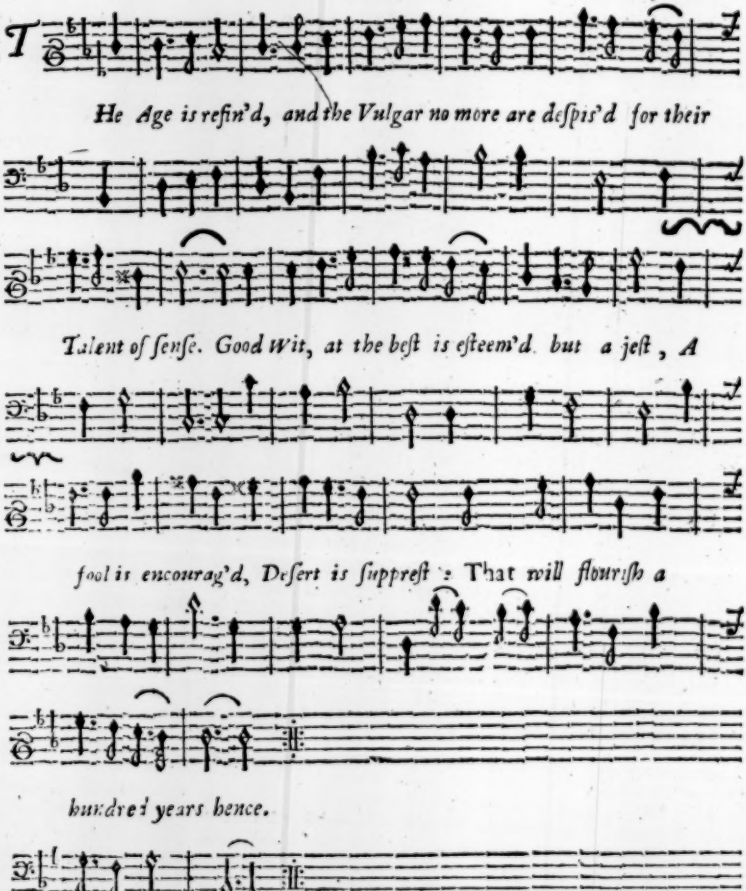
Old Wine. How now my little Mercury, what's the matter.

Small. (Whispers *Old Winelove*).

Old Wine. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis a witty Varlet — but come my friend.

Small. One of thy best Songs now, thy Newest — a Song A-la-mode — No matter what he sayes, I'le reward thee.

Song.



2.

Fierce Criticks like Kings, rule over this Isle;
As the insolent Judges of Wit:
And though they have none, but what is deer bought,
Yet to be judicious, they fain would be thought:
By the gleanings they get in the Pit.

3.

Then let the precise, despair to be wise,
Let wisedom forsake his abode.
Since Wit is made none, by the Fops of the Town,
Debauches increas'd, and good fancies o'rethrown.
Chorus, *By a pleasant Vice Alamode.*

Old Wine. Very well 'ifaith — hold there's an Angel for thy Pains; now Sir *Andrew*, what think of this? Is not this better then your Doggril damn'd Rhime, all sound, no sense. This is new, and made By a Wit on Wit, on Critick, ah these Critick Wits are rare Fellows.

Sir *For.* To practise Surgery upon: To flout at the Decrees Of Law, or Justice, to burlesque on Religion; To make a Ballad out of *Davids* Psalms, and Turn old *Hopkins* Meeter into Nonsense.

Old Wine. Pish, you mistake me clearly.

Sir. *For.* Not a jot Sir, — I've known him carp upon the Canticles, and call 'em Canting Lectures; Laugh at A Pious Pastor that was blind, because he told 'em, He could show a path to lead to happiness: Ah they Are lewd Raskals; Lord, Lord, what will this World come to?

Old Wine. To dust as it 'twas of old, but believe me Sir, your Judgment gives too harsh a censure of 'em.

Sir *For.* It may be so Sir, but pardon me Sir, I speak My thoughts; I use not to dissemble, I love Plain dealing — Drawer bring to pay.

Old Wine. There's nothing Sir; Fye Sir *Formall* — put not That forc'd expression on your Friend — so small A thing as this should not be spoke of.

Sir *For.* Well Sir, I know your temper, and will urge it no Further; I'le go home and prepare my Wife and Daughter for your Entertainment, pray be no Stranger to my house, and let your Son come Often, I shall expect him an hour hence, according To your promise.

Old Wine. Sir, he shall only go home and change his habit,

And wait on you immediatly — *Tim.* a Complement
At parting — de'e hear —

Small. Go Sir — the laſt I taught you.

Tim. Sir, when I have imbelliſh'd my ſelf with external accoutrements, fit to be ſeen, and received by a perſon of your merit and grandeur, I ſhall not fail to imploy my internal endowments to deſerve the honour to kiſs the hand of your fair Daughter.

Sir *For.* Very well Sir — I apprehend your meaning, though your phraſe be ſomewhat odd — my welcom ſhall return my anſwer to you. In the mean time I take my leave. — [*Exit Sir* Form.

Old Wine. So now lets home, I have commanded my Taylor to make thee a Rich Suit *Tim.* Nay, thou ſhalt want for nothing Boy, be but induſtrious. And Mr. *Smallwit*, ſet him but forward in what he is begun; let me but hear that he is thought a Wit, and playes the Critick handſomly; the Critick, methinks the very word is modiſh.

Small. He ſhall do this, and more I'le warrant you Sir.

Old Wine. Rail at a Poets lines, and ſift the meaning, eſpecially if he be but a dabbler, a novice in the art; then let him raign tyrannically, 'twill procure Fame, whether he's right or no.

Small He has that knack already Sir, and fear not hee'l perſevere.

Old Wine. Be ſure thou doſt Boy — but we waſte the time, thou wilt be long a dreſſing: Come let's in. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Ancient, *Mrs.* Penelope.

Lady *A.* Sir *Formal* told you right Daughter, you know not the tricks, nor the debauches of the Town: What Plots, what ſecret Jugglings are abroad, therefore I ſay take heed: I have, I thank my ſtars, been ever accounted of an immaculate Life and Converſation, and I would have that Fame deſcend on you, which with ſuch great diſcretion I have purchaſt; but then you muſt deſerve it.

Pen. Madam, I hope I ſha'l. I think you yet ne're ſaw me guilty of any vice, could give you cauſe to doubt my future virtue.

Lady *A.* Your Virtue — no, I fear not that, 'twere a ſin to imagine my blood could e're rebel. Sir *Formal* too, though I miſlike his ſtarcht behaviour and opinion, was once a Virtuoſo, and therefore think not I doubt your virtue; no, 'tis your deſtiny I fear.

Pen. Your fears are fruitleſs Madam; I ne're was yet ſo wedded to my will, to chuſe before a tryal had made proof whether he did deſerve it: Were I not ſure ſhe knows nothing of my Love to *Franck Amorous*, this would a little ſtartle me. [*Aſide.*

Lady *A.* I do believe thee, yet give me leave to fear:
Is it not ſeen, a Lady whoſe fame for breeding
And deſcent, is loudly ſpoken of; gets a toy in her head,
Marries her Footman, and gives the Flambeau for her Creſt.

Another

Another, charm'd with the flatteries of ſome ſmooth tongu'd ſeducer,
Sells her honour, and whole race, to infamy,
Ruines her ſelf; and laſtly dies a Beggar.

Pen. Theſe are ſad Moralls Madam.

Lady *A.* But moſt true; when I was young, adorn'd with blooming Beauty, for without vanity I could ſo term it, I
Was admir'd, ſu'd to oft by many — many
With Preſents woo'd me, many with Poetry, ſome
Would urge their merits, ſome their Fortunes:
Others would fight; and happy then was he that
Could procure a ſmile to grace his enterprize:
For I well knowing the power of my attractions,
Kept ſuch a mean of favour 'twixt 'em all,
That none could boaſt his Fortune or diſpair:
'Tis true, I ſometimes long'd for what they offer'd,
But with a trick I had, a cunning trick,
I kept it from their knowing; at laſt your Father,
Who then was held a man of rare endowments;
Though now they are abuſed by his Cuſtoms:
So took me with his 'haviour and good parts,
For he had excellent parts — ſo that for his ſake
I quitted all the reſt.

Pen. And left them Willowes.

Lady *A.* Every man of 'em — Therefore I ſay look through
The man you love: Obſerve his parts well,
Then view his Eſtate; for ſome there are have neither.

Pen. Neither Parts nor Eſtate, goodneſs defend me
From ſuch a one! by your inſtructions Madam, I
Shall not doubt to guard my ſelf from ſuch
Imminent danger: Bleſs me, neither Parts nor Eſtate!

Lady *A.* Huſh, here's your Father.

Enter Sir Formall.

Sir. *For.* Sweet heart and Daughter, are you there?
That's well, go preſently to your Chamber and dreſs
Your ſelf, here's a Gentleman coming to ſee you,
Go I ſay.

Pen. Shall I not know his name?

Sir *For.* No marry ſhall you not, let it ſuffice 'tis a good
Catholick name, and I approve of it,
No more queſtions, but obey me.

Pen. I ſhall Sir! — this is certainly the new Suiter
He talkt of, and heaven knows I am ill provided
For an Amour.

Sir *For.* Come ſweet heart lets go in, for I have
A world of news to tell thee.
Lady *A.* But little good I fear, if there be a world on't
Sir. *For.* Thou'lt find there's a great deal of good in't,
I ſeldom fail to miſs of my deſignes,
Come in, and be partaker. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Chamber-back.*

Enter Frank Amorous, *and* Betty.

Bett. By ventring to bring you hither, I hope Sir, you
Perceive that I am not unwilling to be ungratefull,
Eſpecially having taſted your bounty in ſo liberal a manner.
Fran. You over-rate the trifle I have given you: Pray do
Not ſpeak of it; — Is this the Chamber?
Bett. This leads to hers — have but a little patience,
With which I know Sir, I you are ſtill provided.
I'le go and prepare her for your viſit, In a more
Eſpecial manner, becauſe I would appear
Grateful to a perſon I have been ſo ſenſibly oblig'd to.
Fran. You ſpeak what I ſhould ſay, and make me bluſh,
I am ſo poor in thanks. *Exit Betty.*
This will in time make an excellent Bawd,
I find by her pall'd Rhetorick.
This profit is a powerful charm,
It turns and winds e'm into any form:
She's coming up with the Lady, who if I find
But loves me, I have a bleſſing paſt all recompence.

Enter Penelope *and* Betty.

Pen. This is the height of impudence, to bring a man, a young man too into my Chamber without my knowledge.
Bett. Madam, he told me he muſt needs ſpeak with you
About an important concerne, and knowing your
Fathers haſty temper, was afraid to let him ſee him.
Pen. And was there no where to bring him to, but
My Chamber? No hole, or by Corner to make
Him do pennance in for his inſolence, but my
Apartment; you had beſt ſome other time
Shut him up into my Cloſet, till i'm a Bed.
Fran. Well thought on i'gad Madam if my rude entrance.
Pen. Sir, I need no Apologies and excuſes, and indeed conſidering it rightly, although my behaviour has been ſuch, as not to give any one cauſe

cauſe, or licence to intrude into my privacies; you are not ſo much to be blam'd as ſhe is.

Fran. Oh, nay it is well enough ——— [*Aſide.*

Pen. For you perhaps but followed your own inclination, and purſuance of the affair you ſay you have, but that he ſhou'd dare to do this.

Fran. Madam it was at my requeſt.

Pen. At your requeſt! it ſeems then ſhe's your acquaintance.

Fran. No, 'faith Madam, not my acquaintance; for though there are ſome certain ſeaſons when all women are alike to me, yet for the moſt part my ambition ſoars above the fruition of a Chambermaid.

Pen. Sir, the Character you give your ſelf, I was ſufficiently acquainted with in the laſt viſit you made me; I hope you come about the old affair, ſome love Embaſſy from *Bernard*?

Fran. From *Bernard* Madam? ha, ha, ha, though once to do him a Curteſie, and as a Friend I ſollicited his cauſe, I am not ty'd to do that Office: I take no fees Madam, beſides at preſent, Heaven be prais'd, I have other buſineſs; buſineſs of my own, would you but be pleas'd to give me a hearing.

Pen. I'me glad of that: [*aſide.*

Now if it hit but right —— Sir you'l oblige me
To impart it quickly, for I'me a little in haſt.

Frank. Venus for me then, now the Tale begins;
I ſaw the Letter you wrote to *Bernard*.

Pen. It may be ſo.

Frank. I ſaw alſo the Commendations you gave me there.

Pen. Suppoſe all this.

Frank. And thereby gather that. ——

Pen. That, what?

Frank. Command your Woman hence, and I'le declare it.

Pen. Sure 'tis no ſecret.

Frank. Faith but it is —— a great one too.

Pen. Wait in the next room till I call for you. [*Exit Betty.*

Now Sir be free in your Relation.

Frank. Why Madam, as I was ſaying before, I gather by your kind Character of me to *Bernard*, that you are —— moſt deſperately in love with me.

Pen. I, in love? —— what ſhall I do? —— my Bluſhes will betray me.

Frank. Yes Madam, and with me. Nay, do not mince the matter. I find it by your Eyes, it muſt be ſo; y'are deeply
Ingag'd that's certain; but have a good heart
Madam, I am not cruel, I'm of a melting nature;
You may new mould, and work me even as you pleaſe;
An eaſie yielding temper, I, Heaven knows.

Pen. 'Tis very likely Sir, —— yet ſure 'twill hardly be

my

my fate to put you to the Teſt — I'm in Love — and with you.

Frank. Yes Madam with me, 'dsdeath is that ſo ſtrange?

Pen. You had beſt perſwade me to't.

Frank. Faith I am endeavouring it as faſt as I can.

Pen. Now I perceive the vanity of your Sex; becauſe a Lady perhaps accidentally ſmiles upon you, or grants you an occaſional Salute, you preſently think ſhee's in love.

Frank. No; but when a Lady writes to a man ſhe do's not; and ſends it by a Gentleman; and in her Letter terms the ſaid Gentleman with the terms of ſweet Mr. ſuch a one, Dear Mr. ſuch a one, Worthy Mr. *A.* and the like; what ſhould a man think, is not this Love? 'Gad 'tis extaſie, meer extaſie.

Pen. Common Civility will allow of praiſes, eſpecially if we think our ſelves oblig'd.

Frank. But praiſes with ſuch attributes Madam, There's the point. Praiſe is the Friend of Love: And that Woman that praiſes a mans parts, undoubtedly covets what ſhe commends; as we extol that Beauty moſt we deſire to enjoy.

Pen. And can you think, if I did ever love you, which aſſure your ſelf I do not, I could ever be brought to confeſs it, when you upbraid me thus; no, I look upon you as a man unworthy — baſe, and ill-natur'd — and perhaps unmanly — I'le curb him in a little, though my heart akes for't.

Frank. So, I lookt for this — this fretting has confirm'd my Opinion — 'tis certain ſhe loves me above meaſure; poor Soul! how her heart ſwells — But Madam:

Pen. I'le hear nothing — tax me with a light Love Sir — 'twas a word that I muſt tell you ill becomes a ſtranger, nor can our ſmall acquaintance.

Frank. Do but hear me.

Pen. 'Tis an affront, almoſt paſt all-forgiveneſs;
With another 'twould be counted an Inſolence,
Paſt hopes of reconciling — but my too eaſie nature. —

Frank. So now ſhe melts agen, (this is the very
Quinteſſence of paſſion) — [*aſide.*
I know your nature Excellent as your ſelf;
And Madam, make me not unhappy in your
Diſpleaſure, by a few flaſhy words; Heaven
Knows only the Overflows of a glad Tongue,
Proud to declare your virtues.

Pen. Yes by upbraiding me.

Frank. I upbraid thee! by Heaven I do not, and now,
(Since it muſt out) know that I love you, doat
On you, and dye till I enjoy you. Now
Have mercy upon me I beſeech thee.

Pen.

Pen. This paſſion you pretend to, is ſo ſhort liv'd, that
The next fair object, I doubt not, will
Reduce it to ſomewhat newer, and more eaſie to your temper.

Frank. With other men perhaps it might — but Madam,
I am the Eternal'ſt Lover, the moſt tranſported
Thing, I am like Chaff before a burning Glaſs, and
Every glance from your eye converts me into flame.

Pen. Your comfort will be, that you have but a ſhort time
To be tormented.

Frank. Oh, to Eternity Madam; — when I am abſent from you, in
My Dreams, I ſhall hover over your Idea, and beget
Such an innumerable Quantity of Conceipts and Fancies,
'Twould diſtract another.

Pen. No, not a Man that flies like a Hawk, at all Games,
As you do.

Frank. I Madam — well, a lye muſt help me out. [*aſide.*

Enter Betty.

Betty. O Madam! what ſhall we do? we are undone.

Pen. Why! what's the matter.

Betty. Slipping down Stairs to ſee what your Father was doing,
I ſaw him at the door receiving from a Foot-man a Letter.
Directed Sir, to you.

Frank. To me!

Betty. To you Sir; for hearing the Foot-man affirm he ſaw you come in here, and ſeeing your Father about to open it, I run and ſnatcht it from him; and came up, leaving him purſuing me with as much haſt as his Age or Gout would permit him: but for Heavens ſake uſe ſome means to hide this Gentleman; for hee'l be here immediately.

Pen. What ſhall I do! I'me at my Wits end.

Frank. And ſo am I, pox on't how unluckie 's this?

Pen. Stay, I've hit of a device will certainly do,
If *Betty*, you play your part but well.

Betty. I Madam — doubt not me, I'le do any thing to appear
Serviceable to this worthy and bountiful Gentleman.

Frank. 'Gad I will be bountiful to thee indeed, if
Thou canſt but bring me well off now.

Betty. What is't good Madam?

Pen. Why this Sir, you muſt pretend to be her Brother,
Newly come from Travel; to which purpoſe talk of
The Cuſtoms of ſome forreign Countries,
And your excuſe for ſnatching the Letter away,
Being for your Brother, will be more plauſible.
I le to my Glaſs, and ſeem to be dreſſing my Head —

Hark

Hark, he's coming, be ſure you do it handſomly.

Betty. I'le warrant you Madam; come Sir.

Frank. This will certainly do; well, thou art a witty Devil, I'le ſay that for thee: I wonder whence this Letter ſhould come, from ſome of my Miſtreſſes doubtleſs that want company: I'le not read it till I have more leiſure, —— he comes.

Sir For. within. Why Huſwife, where are you? ha, are you crept into ſome Corner, I'le fetch you out with a vengeance, a young baggage to dare to do this.

Enter Sir Formall.

Ha, what's here? a Man! and in my Daughters Chamber?

Betty. My Brother Sir, newly return'd from Travel;
Well, and are there ſuch rare things in *Rome*, ſay you?

Frank. Beyond expreſſion rare —— wou'd I were there
For an hour. [*aſide.*

Sir For. But where's the Letter Miſtreſs you ſnatcht from me? did your Brother bid you do that? hah!

Betty. No indeed Sir; but fearing you would look into the ſecrets of our Family, which you conceive is dear to me, I took it of my own accord.

Sir For. Was the Letter yours Sir?

Frank. I muſt preſume to own it.

Sir For. No preſumption Sir, but pray from whence came it?

Frank. From *Italy* Sir, from a good Friend of mine; and intending to viſit my Siſter, I bid the Porter bring it to me here.

Sir For. The Porter Sir, why I had it from a Foot-man.

Frank. 'dsdeath I ſhall ſpoil all.

Betty. But Sir he has formerly bin a Porter, though now he is preferr'd.

Sir For. Umph —— like enough.

Frank. Well ſaid i'Faith —— a Guiney more for that.

Betty. But Brother, you han't told me half enough of the rarities you have ſeen in your Travels.

Sir For. I, come Sir, pray let's hear ſome of the wonders at *Rome*, and other places, the ſtory muſt needs be pleaſing; pray make a brief deſcription.

Frank. 'Zounds what ſhall I do now? for I know nothing of *Rome* but the name; but 'tmay be he's as ignorant as I, and then I am warm enough —— Why Sir, as to the Climate, 'tis much about the temper 'twas of old, hottiſh and dry, the Houſes largely built, and uniform; the people o divers Complexions, and much given to Eaſe, more indeed then to Devotion; a pleaſant Country Sir, and for the moſt part fruitful.

Sir

Sir For. It was when I was there; but 'tis ſo long ſince, that by my Faith I have almoſt forgot it; well Sir, and how looks the *Vatican*? does he ſtand ſtoutly ſtill? and do's he ſtill triumph in his Age and Excellence?

Frank. The *Vatican!* what a Devil's that?

Betty. Now is he a pumping: Madam, 'tis a damn'd hard word, that I cannot help him for my life.

Sir For. Do's he ſtill hold his Head above the reſt?
And want no Succour, nor no Aid to help him;
He has bin an old Standard, but a brave one.

Frank. This muſt certainly be the Pope he means, and calls by ſome Nick-name. [*aſide.*

Sir For. Come pray Sir tell me, you're too ſlow in anſwer.

Betty. Now do I ſweat for him.

Frank. I'gad I'le venture on't: why faith he do's very bravely ſtill, and is very much renown'd in *Italy*; but there has lately happen'd a diſaſter.

Sir For. What's that good Sir?

Frank. Why Sir he has within theſe few Months bin troubled with a violent —— and very damnable Fit of the Stone.

Sir For. What ſay you Sir?

Frank. And hardly ſcap'd with life Sir, I aſſure you.

Sir For. Ha, ha, ha, the *Vatican* troubled with the Stone: madneſs i'th height; but hark you Sir, perhaps you mean, there ha's bin a Hurricane of late that has damag'd ſome of her Turret, and overthrown ſome ſuperfluous Stones, whoſe ſtrength, age had decay'd: mean you not ſo Sir?

Frank. So Sir, yes Sir, what a Devil ſhould I mean elſe: well I'le make haſt away, leaſt he ſhould ask any more queſtions. Sir, Your humble Servant: Dear Siſter, adieu; I'le wait on you again at my next leiſure, *Vatican* with a Pox, a Curſe of my dull pate. *Exit.*

Sir For. A witty underſtanding man I'le warrant him; how wittily he Joak'd upon me. Come Daughter lets go down, by this the Gentleman is ready to come, who, I'le aſſure you, is firſt, accompliſh'd with parts to your deſire, and not mine; Secondly, with wealth to my deſire, though not yours, and I command you to uſe him well, for believe,

No bleſſing, but a diſcontent ſhe owns,
Whoſe want of duty reaps her Fathers frowns.

E ACT.

ACT. III.

Scene I. *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Frank Amorous.

Frank. SO, I have got away with much ado; Impudence was, I muſt needs confeſs, my great Friend, or elſe I had never bin able to hold out againſt that Eternal old Fellow, who would have ply'd me with new queſtions; but now to my Letter, I hope 'tis from ſome new rare Creature in Love with me, and ſent this to point an aſſignation. [*reads.*

Since you have bin baſe and treacherous, you ought in reaſon to expect the reward of baſeneſs and falſhood; know therefore, that being betray'd, me and my injury's inſupportable, till reveng'd: I deſire you to meet me in the plain Field below Lambs-Conduit, *about 6 this Afternoon, without a ſecond, to render ſatisfaction; and aſſure your ſelf, though your treachery has made me miſerable, my action ſhall ſpeak me brave and generous,*

Bernard.

Was ever hopes ſo fruſtrated? this is a Challenge, and o' my Conſcience if I ſhould ſurvey my ſelf throughly, I am not provided for't. This damn'd Cuſtom of Wenching has made me as damn'd a Coward, as a Bully that fights for hire, (*meet me in the plain Field below Lambs-Conduit*) and 'gad I will meet thee there, come what will, ſince I am invited. I had Courage once, and have yet I hope ſome grains: if I am kill'd I have the fewer ſins to anſwer for; and if I live, I've the longer time to repent; at 6 a Clock, and now it wants of 5, well, I'le firſt go diſpatch a ſmall affair, and then have at him.

Men only live to further fate's deſign,
'Twas Plato's *moral once, but now 'tis mine.* [Exit

Scene II.

Enter Sir Formall, Lady Ancient, Tim, Smallwit, Betty, Mrs. Penelope

Sir For. Once more y'are welcome Sir; and pray excuſe me if I am not altogether Ceremonious as ſome, that love the mode, and cheriſh vanity: my humour is my Law Sir, therefore pray excuſe me. But where's your Father?

Tim.

Tim. Sir, he's gone to walk in the Fields, the old Gentleman loves Air.

Lady An. Sir, though Sir *Formall* hold it unneceſſary to expreſs the welcom of a perſon of merit in deſcent, and modiſh phraſes; yet there are ſome who underſtand the behaviour fit to be us'd on ſuch Occaſions: Sir! your preſence is an honour to our Houſe.

Tim. Madam, Sir *Formall* knows that I deſire to appear no ſtranger; I have, I thank my Fortune, ſo much kuowledge of the Town, not to let modeſty obſcure good meaning; I know what's Courtly Madam, and approve it.

Enter a Lawyer with a Deed.

Law. Sir, here's the Deed: wilt pleaſe you to peruſe it?

Sir For. I come, Sweet-heart, prithee thy Ear a little.

Pen. Indeed Sir I think it very fine. [*They read.*

Tim. Madam, it would have bin ſo, had it bin well order'd; but this damn'd Son of a Whore Taylor had made it too narrow in the Breaſt; the Buttons are not half big enough neither.

Pen. Methinks they're very well Sir; however, your grateful perſon, were they ill made, would make e'm Comely.

Tim. Why 'faith Madam as you ſay, a graceful perſon do's much, very much, the well ſpreading of the Shoulders, and ſtraightneſs, adds much to the ſhape; and yet without the poſture, the modiſh Auguſt Garb, and Courtly mean, the ſhape is nothing.

Pen. What an Idol do's this fellow make of himſelf?

Tim. Madam take it from me, 'tis a hard matter to ſee a man demean himſelf with Judgement, the Town's a ſtrenger to't — how do I do this? ha — [*aſide.*

Small. Exceeding well Sir, but forward.

Tim. There are indeed a ſort of empty fellows, that have pretences that would ſeem to know the Eſſence of good Carriage; but ſearch e'm throughly, — far, far ſhort on't.

Pen. Some ſuch there are indeed Sir, but others that though they have not that Modiſh mean you ſpeak of, may have Wit which may ſupply the others want.

Tim. Wit, Madam, — why there's a famine on't; but now alas the times are Metamorphos'd, there's no wit ſtirring.

Pen. Sir, methinks there has been a great many very witty Playes come out lately.

Tim. Ah, — dull, dull, Madam, — dull to the tenth degree, nothing but prolix phraſes, and bombaſt, hardly a word of ſenſe, or fancy in 'em; our Poets now take it from me Madam, have nothing of conceit: One writes of Rural Wit bubbled by Carmen, another of Inchantments, Bears and Monſters, and ſuch a coil they keep with their new fancies,

that wit and ſenſe are loſt, quite loſt; aboliſh't; nothing remains but the meer dregs of fancy; you may believe me Madam.

Pen. Sir, I'le not preſume to queſtion it, or doubt the truth of what you ſay, though I confeſs it ſeems a little ſtrange.

Tim. I grant it may Madam, and by the way let me tell you, another would not have found it out; I have I thank my ſtars, ſome certain guifts which others want; 'tis as Providence decree's, every one has his Talent.

Pen. But not alike, I hope Sir.

Tim. No Madam, I hope to ſee that: the truth is, I love to be free, and perhaps ſatyrical in my opinion, and I doubt not but you are acquainted with the mode, and know what becomes a Gentleman; for 'faith ſhould we not ſometimes dive into the ſecrets of Wit, and reprove miſtakes, theſe Raſcally Poets would grow inſolent, there would be no living for 'em, we ſhould be ſo perpetually tormented with Lampoons; but 'gad I cramp the Raſcals.

Pen. Would thou wert cramp't and gag'd, ſo I were rid of thee.

Tim. You'd laugh to ſee how afraid they are of me, to'ther day Madam, I went to ſee a Play, and ſitting 'mongſt the reſt in the Wits Corner; I know not what, but ſomewhat I miſlik't, and raiſed a hiſs, which preſently was ſeconded by all the Wits: But to ſee the poor fellow the Poet, peep out between the Scenes, and ſhake his empty head, to ſee his Ten Months labour ſo rewarded, would have made you die with Laughter, ha, ha, ha.

Small. In this Madam, you rather condemn my Judgment, then excuſe your want of merit. But give me leave to tell you, if I have any Wit, you are a woman of great parts. Do you ſee that Gentleman?

Bett. Yes Sir, methinks a man of Excellent good Parts.

Small. He is ſo, yet this — this Modiſh Gallant that's now ſo brisk and ayrie, did I within theſe three dayes draw out of a lump of ignorance, a wretched lump, a thing of nothing, mould, ſtampt and fram'd him as you ſee, and of a Coxcomb, chang'd him to a Courtier, a Modiſh fellow, and the Son of Fortune — Sir, your Verſes, you forget that —

Tim. Huſh, I warrant thee — Madam, to let you ſee, that what I ſpeak is Reaſon, you ſhall your ſelf be judge; I have a Copy of Verſes here, given me by one of the Poets, who deſir'd my opinion of 'em — ah, here they are Madam — I'le read 'em to you — hum, 'tis an Encomium on his Miſtreſs.

Beſt of thy Sex, and brighter then the Moon
At her full Glory, or the Sun at Noon:
Sweet as a bed of Roſes, far above
All th t ever yet pretend to Love.
For thou appear'ſt, as if thou would perſwade
Men to believe, for thee, Love firſt was made.

Or

Or that the bliſs of nature ſhould conteſt
With the delightful Lodging of thy breaſt.
Zealots releaſe the bleſſings heapt above
Of laſting Raptures, and immortal Love.
But *Jove*, and all his Crowd of joyes ſhould be
Diſpis'd and ſlighted for a taſt of thee.

This and a great deal more ſuch ſtuffe is here, ſuch — much — 'gad I am e'en ſick to read it.

Pen. Methinks they are very well Sir, only a little too full of rapture, and flattery — but that may be born withall.

Tim. Well Madam, I ſee your deſign, ha, ha, ha, to bantor the poor fellow: — but — 'twon't do, what anſwer do you think I made, — what de'e think I did with 'em?

Pen. Why, I ſuppoſe Sir, you ſpoke indifferently, and the leſs critically becauſe you intended to encourage him.

Tim. Encourage him? 'dsdeath encourage a Poet, I'de ſooner do't to a Cutpurſe, and more good I ſhall get by him — no Madam, I damn'd it — damn'd it to the Center.

Pen. But Sir, you had no reaſon for't, the verſes did not deſerve it.

Tim. Piſh — that's no matter, it quell'd the Raſcalls hopes, why ſhould I have encouraged him, and prais'd what he had writ, 'tis ten to one within this twelve months, he would have writ a Play, and made a Character of me, but 'gad I daſh't his hopes, his Muſe, and he will hardly be reconcil'd this month through the fright I put him in.

Pen. Well, this is the moſt intollerable Fop, that ever I ſaw, there's no enduring him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *For.* And let me have that Mannor too incerted as a Covenant for repairs, and fail not on't to morrow. [*Exit Lawyer.*

Pray Sir, give your excuſe, 'tis only a little parcel of Land which I determine for my Daughters Joynture — but come lets in to Dinner, by this time 'tis ready — and once more welcome to my houſe.

Small. I am too poor in thanks. [*Whiſpers* Tim.

Tim. I am too poor in thanks Sir; ſoftly you Rogue —

Sir *For.* Ah not poor in any thing, good Mr. *Winelove*, 'faith I do not like it — but come, no Ceremony I beſeech you, but to Dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Landskip.*

Enter Bernard *and* Frank *to Fight.*

Ber. The cauſe of my quarrel Sir, you cannot be ignorant of, knowing who I am, and how you have betrayed me.

Fran. My anſwer lyes in this, not in my words, come, come, you are too tedious.

Ber.

Ber. O this ſhews your courage Sir, but believe you ſhall have fighting work enough e're I kill yee, as certainly I ſhall before we part.

Frank. Why, then the Surgeon's paid Sir, come we loſe time; then once more at you Sir.

Enter Winelove *Senior.*

Old Wine. How now what's here, Swords drawn and Fighting; ah, that my *Tim.* were here now, to put in for a third man, but I'le try what I can do to part 'em —— Gentlemen hold, hold, you've fought enough, hold, hold, I ſay. [*Draws and goes to part 'em.*

Fran. Hark Reverend Sir, 'twill become your gravity to retire a while, and not diſturb us, leaſt that portly ſhape of yours be diſcommoded —— pox on him, h'as given me another thinking while.

Old Wine. Faith he ſayes true, I was too raſh, well Gentlemen, ſince you will have it ſo, fight it out bravely, and I'le ſtand by, and ſee fair play on both ſides.

Fran. You ſee your fortune Sir. [Ber. *is diſarmed.*

Ber. Yes, and contemn'd it, and my life too, ſeeing 'tis at thy mercy.

Fran. You will do well to cheriſh it, for all that Sir.

Old Wine. A brave fellow this, and I'le warrant a right Courtier, he has the true way on't, now would I give twenty pound my *Tim.* were here.

Ber. Ah Sir, to inſult I know, is Cuſtomary.

Fran. To inſult? —— to let thee ſee how far I am from it, there, there's thy Sword again, and give me thy hand, I could wiſh I could as eaſily give back thy Miſtreſs; but our Stars would have it otherwiſe; thou knoweſt we can't appoint our own deſtinies; beſides thou haſt another Miſtreſs, and two at once is too much in reaſon for any one man.

Ber. 'Tis true, I have another Miſtreſs perhaps fairer then 'tother, whom I intend to viſit as ſoon as this hurt Arm is dreſt; but what excuſes can you bring from that?

Fran. Why, 'faith not many —— but doſt hear, ſhall I carry commendations from thee to her too, hah? —— Prithee let me.

Ber. No, no, Sir, my own Rhetorick henceforth ſhall ſerve, but to let you ſee I have a ſenſe of generoſity, as well as baſeneſs, I'le quit the place, and henceforth do as my honour ſhall direct me, and not paſſion, and if there be a way for friendſhip left, I'le find it, if not, 'tis but adventring another skirmiſh, and then perhaps I ſhall be as loath to take a life, as you to give it. [*Exeunt.*

Old Wine. By *Juno*, that's a brave fellow too —— ah, he's gone Sir, you have ſent him packing —— 'faith you fought it bravely, I never ſaw a Duel fought with better Judgement; are you not hurt Sir?

Fran. I think not, I feel nothing.

Old Wine. Your Antagoniſt, believe me, was a ſhrewd fellow, and 'faith

ſaith once I thought would have damag'd you, your point being born too low, but you recovered it.

Fran. I Sir, I did ſo.

Old Wine. And bravely Sir, you did in doing ſo; when I was of your years I had ſome fame my ſelf for Duelling — ah, I have ſeen the time when I have come into the field with Courage, travers'd my ground, fought and paſſado'd briskly, and as ſimply as I now ſtand here, been victor.

Fran. 'Tis very likely Sir, this is the moſt impertinent old fellow I ever ſaw, he will enter into diſcourſe whether I will or no — Sir, your Servant, I am a little in haſte.

Old Wine. Pray Sir, a word more, I have a little buſineſs with you.

Fran. Umph — I am of late grown a man of more buſineſs then ever I deſign'd my ſelf. Pray Sir, what is it quickly? for ſome preſent Occaſions call me hence.

Old Wine. Shall I then Sir, deſire the favour of you.

Fran. Sir, Any favour, be but brief, and tell it.

Old Wine. I ſhall Sir, 'tis a ſmall matter, a very ſmall matter, only to know whether you are indebted to any one, or to be more plain, whether you owe any money?

Fran. Money Sir? Sir, that's a ſtrange queſtion, nor know I at preſent how to reſolve it.

Old Wine. Doubt not my meaning good, nor conceit I queſtion this to draw you into danger, 'faith I do not.

Fran. Why then Sir, know I am a Gentleman, and have means large enough to pay my debts if they were ten times doubled, methinks you might have gueſs'd that by my outſide without queſtioning. What is't.

Old Wine. Now I come to you Sir — I have a Son my Heir, for whom I have theſe 5 and 50 years been ſcraping an Eſtate, he now is grown up to maturity, and 'faith to ſpeak freely of him, is a youth of rare endowments, and preguant Wit Sir, and admired Fancy.

Frank. Sir, being your Son, it were a ſin to doubt it.

Old Wine. Now Sir, I ſee you are a man of parts, one that the Town takes notice of; you can talk well, fight well, ſing well, Court your Miſs in Rhime, with any Modiſh Bully of 'em all.

Franck. Ah, your ſervant Sir, not I 'faith.

Old Wine. Sir, I have heard you fam'd — talkt of, and wondred at, Conſtables fear you, Bayliffs creep into Corners, and our witty dabbling Poets of the time, cry, yonder's *Amorous*, plague of his Criticiſms.

Frank. You are pleas'd to lay this on me Sir, — what a devil will this come to?

Old Wine. All this confeſs'd, then he that has the honour to keep you company, muſt needs be very happy; and Sir, as my Son is the happineſs of my Life, and his well doing my chief comfort, it is my earneſt requeſt to you.

Frank.

Frank. To be his Tutor, and teach him the Town Virtues.

Old Wine. No Sir, not his Tutor, far be that dishonour from you; besides, he has a Tutor already, a pretty quibbling Fellow that has taught him very well: But Sir, to be of your acquaintance, would make him for ever — and Sir, to gratifie you, command my Estate. You are a young-man, and perhaps by extraordinary Expences, are sometimes out of Money, I have some Bags to spare Sir, pray make use of 'em: My Money, Houses, Land, Estate is at your Service, be but acquainted with my Son Sir.

Frank. This is unlookt for Fortune — But 'tis such a good natur'd old Fool, that methinks 'tis pitty to bubble him. Sir, for your proffers, I return you thanks, and assure your self what lyes in me to serve you, or your Son, shall be done without further Ceremony.

Old Wine. Why, I thank you — heartily thank you. — *Tim.* thou art made for ever. Sir, he is hard by at a Friends house of mine, whose Daughter he is to marry.

Frank. Hard by, say you Sir? pray who is't.

Old Wine. An old acquaintance Sir, one Sir *Formall Ancient.*

Frank. Sir *Formall Ancient.*

Old Wine. Ay Sir, and his Daughter my Strippling is to marry, 'tis already concluded on.

Frank. My Mistress by Heaven, and I consider on't, this must needs be the Sutor she told me of: This was a happy discovery, for I question not but I shall go near to forbid the banes. Sir, I'le wait on you thither.

Old Wine. With all my heart Sir, I was just going to request it of you. So I shall work him rarely. [*Exit* Frank.
He is certainly the fit'st Companionin the world for *Tim*; he knows the Town tricks, all the humours, fashions, has all new Songs by heart, knows with a grace how to accost a Wench, Strut and talk Bawdy, and then he looks with so compos'd a shape, as he were only made to be a Wencher. — Old *Peter* rest contented, all's now finish'd, thy Son shall be a spark, and thou be happy, happy as thou couldst wish: well, I'le follow him, and once more refresh his memory, repeat his promise.

Then triumph in my Fate; this being done,
And boast the best of Criticks was my Son.

ACT.

ACT. IV.

Scene I. *Another Chamber.*

Enter Bernard, Lucretia.

Luc. WIll you not tell me who you fought with; methinks if you had any Love for me, you ſhould not let me ask ſo often, prithee tell.

Ber. Why, I tell thee I do not know him, he's one that belongs to the Town; a wretched Fellow that hardly knows himſelf, and I ſuppoſe was one hir'd to challenge me.

Luc. In ſome Ladies Quarrel, I'le lay my life.

Ber. Piſh, What Lady? I know no Lady, nor like none but thee; Come, Come, this fruitleſs Jealouſie's ſtill to be avoided, aſſure thy ſelf I Love thee, only thee.

Luc. Why, are you then ſo haſty to be gone? You never come to Viſit me, but as if your minutes came too faſt upon you.

Ber. You rack your ſelf with doubts, and think I ſlight you, when 'tis my chief endeavour how to pleaſe you; but for my abſence at preſent, 'tis requir'd on earneſt buſineſs, and believe nothing but earneſt buſineſs, great and profitable could take me from thee; but have a little Patience, and I'le be with thee inſtantly. [*Exit.*

Luc. Well, there muſt be ſomething more in the wind then he is willing to acknowledge; but at leiſure I will wheedle the ſecret from him, and then provide for my ſelf as occaſion ſerves. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Hall.*

Enter Tim, *Lady* Ancient, Penelope, Betty.

Lady *A.* Sir, though I ſee in your Phraſes a great deal of Wit and Gallantry; yet if I may preſume, you are too poynant, your fancy flowes to ſo extream a deluge, as 'twould o'rewhelm the Age: You look Sir, too ſharply into the nature of things, and are, I doubt not, a great Philoſopher; but Sir ——

Tim. A Philoſopher —— what a pox is that? —— Now this Rogue my Tutor hath left me alone, and I ſhall be mir'd immediatly —— but what Madam?

Lady *A.* But in truth Sir, I think you are a little too Satyrical in your Opinion, and though 'tis probable you have read *Alexander Roſs*: Who let me tell you was a great Wit, as any in his time, according to my ſimple Judgement, a very Excellent Fellow, — What think you of him Sir?

Tim. Of who Madam?

Lady *A. Alexander Roſs.*

Tim. Alexander Roſs, the Devil *Roſs* him, I'm ſure he broke my head once at School — a very Shrewd Fellow indeed, and to my knowledge a great Scholar, I have try'd him often.

Pen. The Fool has come off a great deal better then I expected.

Lady *A.* Yet though he was a Critick, and a Scholar, he gave all publick notice, Printed his Books *Cum Privilegio*, and gave convincing Reaſons for what he did: And Sir, would you do ſo?

Tim. Reaſons Madam, alas you wroung your Judgment; you talk at the old rate of fifty three, when the World flouriſht in its ignorance, when Wealthy Blades with Velvet Cloakes through lin'd, Booted and Spurr'd, and almoſt hid in Ruff; would Argue out whole hours with Senſe and Reaſons, and in Diſcourſe pretend to expound it too: But now the Worlds grown wiſe, its grown out of faſhion, few men give Reaſons for what they do, at leaſt few Witty men.

Lady *A.* Then Sir, ſince you have no Reaſons for your Criticiſms, good Nature ſhould oblige you to be favourable.

Tim. Who I! — 'faith Madam, I am, — for were I not favourable, many a poor Fellow about Town would be undone.

Pen. 'Tis well Impudence is Modiſh, thou wert elſe to my knowledge a very miſerable Fellow. Prithee *Betty*, what think'ſt thou of him.

Bett. Truly Madam, he ſuffers in my Cenſure equal with your Ladyſhips, and I think him to be a bundle of Vanity; otherwiſe called a Fop in Extraordinary.

Tim. Do's your Ladiſhip delight in Songs? I'le ſing you one or two of mine own Penning.

Lady *A.* Oh! extreamly Sir, and now I think on't, I had a Song given me yeſterday of a Kinſman of mine's Penning, *Betty* can ſing it; you ſhall hear it Sir; and I pray you give me your Opinion of it.

Tim. With all my heart Madam, and afterwards you ſhall hear mine.

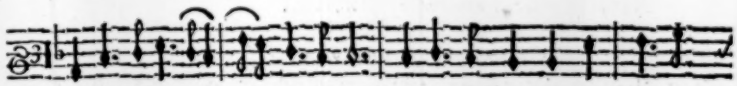
Lady *A.* The Tune was Set Sir, by a very good Friend of his, one Mr. *Smith*, and late Compoſer to the Kings Play-houſe.

Tim. Who *Bob*! a very Excellent Fellow Madam, believe me, and one the Town Miſſes very much to my knowledge; for now a dayes what ever is the matter with 'em, I know not, but we have ſuch Tunes, ſuch lowſy lamentable Tunes, that 'twould make one forſwear all Muſick, *Maiden Fair*, or the the *Kings Delight*, are incomparable to ſome of theſe

theſe we have now. 'Tis true the Theater Muſick is ſomething tollerable, becauſe 'tis for their Credit; but otherwiſe —

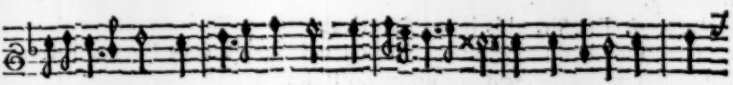
Lady *A.* Sir, I ſee you are a great Judge; — Come *Betty* the Song: Pray obſerve Sir, 'tis a little wanton, that's all the fault I know in it.

SONG.

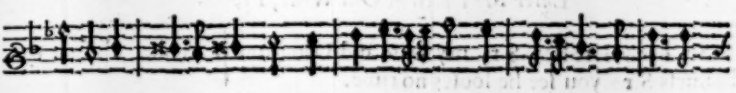


I found my Cælia *one night undreſt, a precious Banquet for languiſh-*

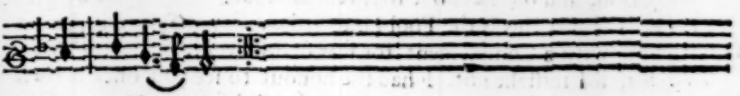
ing Love, the charming object a flame increaſt, which never, ah never, till



then I prov'd; her delicate skin, and ſtarry eye, made me a ſecret bliſs



purſue, but with her ſoft hand ſhe ſtill put it by, and cry'd, Fie Amintor



what would you do?

2.

Her words and bluſhes ſo fir'd my heart,
I pull'd her to me and claſp'd her around,
And though with Cunning ſhe play'd her part:
Yet fainter, and fainter, her threats I found.
But when I leaſt thought on her, leaſt I deſir'd,
My Love a forbearance ſhould allow,
A touch of her hand, my heart ſo inſpir'd:
My Paſſion was melted I know not how.

3.

Which when fair Cælia's *quick eye perceiv'd,*
And found by my calmneſs my paſſions decay,
Her Fate ſhe inwardly ſeem'd to grieve:
That Fool'd her, and Cool'd her, ſo baſe away.
She ſigh'd and look'd pale to ſee me dull,
And in her heart, this oath ſhe ſwore,
She never again would ſlight an addreſs:
Nor the Critical minute refuſe no more.

Lady *A.* Now Sir, how do'e like it?

Tim. 'Iſaith a pretty Song, and a great deal of Wit in't, but I am confident it won't take.

Lady *A.* Why Sir?

Tim. It wants a little more of that ſame in it: Thoſe wrappings in Clean Linnen, it ſhould have appeared naked as 'twas meant; To be plain with you Madam, nothing but Bawdy — down-right, — rank Bawdy will do now, nor hardly that neither, if it have not ſome new meaning.

Lady *A.* Fye Sir, this is too Satyrical.

Tim. Not at all Madam — 'tis a lewd Age, a very Pocky, Pitiful, Age, and muſt be abus'd, or know no Reformation.

Enter Sir Formal, Old Wine, Frank.

Sir *For.* Here he is Sir, my Wife and Daughter with him, cloſe at the buſineſs Sir you ſee he looſes no time.

Old Wine. This Sir is he, — *Tim*, pray know this Gentleman, a worthy perſon, and one has done me great Honour. [*The Congee.*

Frank. 'Dsheart this is the Fool I bubbled one day at *Spearings*, I muſt ſmooth him with a Complement for fear of diſcovery. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Sir, if I miſtake not, I had the honour to ſee you once before, but now am proud that Fortune has been ſo kind as to grace me with this ſecond interview.

Frank. Sir, 'twas a Happineſs I confeſs unexpected that brought me into your Company, and this ſecond chance has confirmed the Obligation, and made me infinitely a debtor.

Pen. Franck Amorous! and in the Company of my Father! this amazes me: *Betty*, you muſt follow ſtill the old humour, and call him Brother, leaſt my Father ſhould diſcover our laſt Plot.

Bett. O Madam, never fear his diſcovery, I'le warrant you I'le ſecure him — dear Brother —.

Frank. Siſter, how doſt thou? I have not ſeen thee a good while, — but buſineſs muſt excuſe all.

Tim. Is ſhe your Siſter Sir?

Frank

Frank. Yes Sir, and the beſt of 'em I'le aſſure you — but mum, more of that hereafter.

Tim. Well Sir, I come indifferent near you, for this Lady here is to be my Wife.

Frank. Say you ſo Sir? nay then on your account I may preſume to Salute her, without further Ceremony; [*Kiſſes her.* Your Wife ſay you Sir?

Tim. Faith even ſo Sir, the Siſters have decreed it.

Frank. You're happy Sir, but pray, how many Months Courtſhip was your purchaſe?

Tim. Though this ſeems to be a Modiſh Fellow, yet by his Diſcourſe, he ſeems to know little of the Town Courtſhip. Sir, — Why I never Courted her in my life, Damme, methinks a mans Parts and Perfections may do it without Courtſhip: But Sir, I ſee you are ignorant of the new way of addreſs.

Frank. I am in troth Sir.

Old Wine. Tim, come hither. [*They Whiſper.*

Frank. Did I not know your Judgement, and this Fellows Vanity, I ſhould fear him as a Rival, but ſo much Foppery has clear'd my doubts, and given me cauſe, rather to pity then hate him.

Pen. I know not what it is to pity him, but I am ſure I hate him; his Impertinence has made me ſick, — theſe two hours have I been in Purgatory.

Frank. Nay, 'tis the verrieſt Puppy — Madam, ſhall I? —

Pen. No, no, hang him, he's below a beating.

Old Wine. See, he points at thee.

Tim. Who, pox, he's entring into Commendation of me, or one miſchief or other, now 'tis ten to one but I ſhall ſuffer by his Bed-rid Genius.

Small. Oh! oh! oh! [*Within.*

Sir *For.* How now! what voice is that?

Enter Smallwit, *his head bound* — Oh, oh.

Tim. Hah — my Tutor — abus'd thus — 'Zounds, who has done this? I'le be the death of him, a Dog, Raſcal, Villain, Son of a Whore, I'le murder him, he ſhall not live, abuſe my Tutor thus, a Rogue, a Dog; 'dsdeath I'le cut him to Pieces; let me go.

Lady *A.* Good Sir, be patient till we know the Accident.

Tim. Father, hold me faſt, for by Heaven your ignorance had like to have diſhonour'd me.

Sir *For.* The Pericranium's ſafe, there's no great harm done; but by what Accident came it? pray be brief.

Tim. No matter how Sir, 'dsdeath let me find the Rogue.

Old Wine. Nay Son, Son — good Son —

Small.

Small. Why Sir, coming through *Long-Acre*, I chanc'd to ſee a very handſom Lady ſtand in a Bellcony, at which object my Faculties being alarm'd, I ſtood an indifferent while to view her; when preſently comes out of the houſe a Gentleman, and ask'd me what I ſtar'd at —— I told him at the Lady: Sirrah ſayes he, (and ſwore) who are you —— I thinking that would be pleaſing, told who I was; and further, inform'd him I belong'd to you, nd what Office I was imploy'd in: when he heard this, he call'd me Son of a Whore, drew upon me, and with the Hilt of his Sword, broke my head a croſs, and ſo ſurrounded by a crowd of people left me.

Frank. A very barbarous thing 'ifaith, broke thy head a Croſs, 'twas too much a Conſcience.

Sir *For.* I'le warrant ſome Papiſh, or other that ow'd him a Spight: Do'ſt thou not know his name?

Small. Yes, I underſtood by ſome that ſtood by, that his name was *Bernard*.

Sir *For.* *Bernard*, was't he? I know him Sir, a Raſcal, a Cavalier-ing Vagabond that hates our party: he was once a Suitor to my Daughter, but I caſheer'd him quickly; alas a broken head, 'tis nothing with him, 'tis a wonder he had not kill'd thee; had I been there he had pepperd me; o' my conſcience 'has maim'd a Regiment of Roundheads.

Tim. No one to affront thus, but my Tutor —— talke no more on't, he ſhall not live —— I'le inſtantly go and challenge him.

Old Wine. And ſo thou ſhalt Boy, and I'le be thy ſecond rather then faile: Let this Paſs!

Sir *For.* Fie, fie, conſider better firſt.

Lady *A.* Come Sir, go in with me, I've an excellent Balſome of my own making, which I'm ſure in few hours will heal up the Orifice.

[*Exit* Small. *Lady* A.

Pen. Yonder has *Amorous* been this quarter of an hour muſing and muttering to himſelf —— Prithee get behind him, and liſten what he ſayes.

Frank. *Bernard* did he ſay! The Lady he talkt of in the Balcony, is undoubtedly *Bernards* Miſtreſs, whom with ſuch care he conceal'd over againſt the *Roſe*. I'gad the hopes of beguiling him of this ſecond Miſtreſs is ſo ſweet, that I am not able to reſiſt it, I muſt ſee her.

Bett. Oh happy diſcovery —— who would ha thought this had been in him —— well, the whole race of men are deceivers, exemplary in this inconſtant wretch: But my Lady ſhall know it inſtantly.

Tim. You may let me go now; I begin to cool —— Pox on't, I've conſidered now, 'tis beneath me to fight him on this quarrel; had it been my own quarrel, and about a Wench, though 'twere an Orange Wench, I would ha' pinckt the Raſcal, but ſeeing 'tis as 'tis, my Tutor ſhall Lampoon him, and there's an end on't.

Frank.

Frank. Sir, leave the ſequel of this affair to me, I know the man better then you imagine; and aſſure your ſelf he ſhall render ſatisfaction as ſhall countervail the Affront, for the purſuance of which, I take my leave. And hark a word more, forbear addreſſes to that Lady till I ſee you next. There's Plots, Jugglings abroad; I'le tell you more anon: My Siſter neither is not as ſhe ſeems, but time will diſcover all, ſix thouſand pound is Money Sir: See they obſerve us; I'le take my leave, the humbleſt of your Servants — So this I ſee has ſo amaz'd him, that hee'l be fearful to proceed further, till he ſpeak with me: but now to my new adventure — I'm almoſt mad to ſee her.

Tim. Umh — there's ſomething more in this then I well underſtand, but at night I ſhall know all.

Sir *For.* Come Mr. *Winelove*, pray walk in with me, accept a Glaſs of my March-Beer, old hearty Liqour Sir, and good to nouriſh, pray walk in.

Old Wine. With all my heart Sir *Formal*, *Tim*, come follow me.

[*Exeunt Omnes præter* Penelope *and* Betty.

Bett. No Madam, 'tis infallibly ſo; you may ſee by his haſty going away how conſtant he is.

Pen. This Action of his has vext me extreamly, for if he ramble thus already, what would he do if I ſhould ever happen to marry him.

Bett. Ay Madam, when as they ſay he is the Husband of your boſom, the firm ſupplier of your Neceſſities, when you are bone of his bone, and for ever one fleſh, then — to have what ſo deeply you lov'd ſnatch'd from you by a Suburb ſinner that ſues for hire, in truth Madam is intollerable, and were it my ſelf I could never endure it.

Pen. Did'ſt thou hear him diſtinctly? Methinks I am very loath to believe it, I alwayes thought him conſtant, and *Betty* thou had'ſt a good opinion of him once too.

Bett. In truth I had Madam, I thought him exquiſite, and a man of good Parts; but ſince I find him falſe, I aſſure you I hate an inconſtant Fellow: O fye, indeed he's very odious to me.

Pen. But Prithee tell me, what ſaid he?

Bett. Why Madam, amongſt a Crowd of words, which mutteringly expreſt his Joy, I heard him ſay aloud, that the hopes of beguiling *Bernard* of this ſecond Miſtreſs was ſo ſweet, that he was not able to reſiſt it.

Pen. 'Tis ſo — he is falſe, nay what is worſe, he triumphs in his falſhood, but I am reſolved to fit him, though my poor heart ſuffers for it: 'Tis well my love is not ſo paſſionate, as ſome who fix their thoughts on ſuch baſe wretches. If it were, I ſee my deſtiny — inconſtant *Frank* adieu — I'm now my ſelf again — *Betty*, get me Ink and Paper in my Cloſet. [*Exit* Betty.

I'le preſently write to *Bernard*, who perhaps diſpaires of regaining my affection, but the kind expreſſions in my Letter ſhall thaw his frozen hopes.

hopes, and make him once more mine, — appoint him to meet me in the Park, whither *Amorous* I'me ſure will bring *Lucia*, if he deſignes an aſſignation: If I find him falſe, my choice is *Bernard*; if not, my doubt will augment my future Love, and make my Fate more happy —

[*Exit.*

Enter Betty.

Bett. She's gone to Write, and now I am alone, let me conſider a little of my own affaires: *Franck Amorous*'s laſt words, if well underſtood, and quaintly managed, may prove greatly to my advantage; for I heard him tell the young Squire, I was his Siſter, and the beſt of of 'um; talkt of 6000 *l.* and the Lord knows what, as if I were ſome vaſt unbounded Fortune, that liv'd diſguis'd for my ſecurity: This Plot followed cloſely, muſt needs prove advantagious: For as I paſt by the door, I ſaw the Fop Leer at me, and make a Congee, as if he had already markt me out for his Addreſſes: Well, if I am by the Nick name of Siſter, cheated into fifteen hundred a year, 'tis the only way to make me a Lady, that I know; and Heaven knows how agreeable that Title is to me, here he comes — he has followed me hither to ſpeak in private, — and I am reſolved to be prepared for him.

Enter Tim.

Tim. Yonder ſhe is, it muſt be as he told me — her very look's too ſtately for a Chambermaid — ha, have they tricks? I find I ſhall out trick um — I'le accoſt her, and try if ſhee'l diſcover.

Bett. He's coming, now for a ſtudied ſpeech —

Tim. A very pretty Room this Madam — good Hangings, and well contriv'd.

Bett. Madam, that very word is comfortable, it is indeed Sir, now very happy in Luſtre, receiving from your preſence its greateſt Ornament, but elſe a very poor appirtment, and far unworthy your notice.

Tim. Ah Madam, you do me too much honour, — Luſtre from me, alas no — I'm clouded, I make no ſhow in the World, blemiſht, diſguiſed, I love no noiſe nor tumult, and ſome there are, who ſhall be nameleſs, that follow my example. This touches her.

Bett. What, walk diſguis'd? pray who are they?

Tim. Perſons of Quality, who think it fit to ſhade their Birth and Fortunes, but let that paſs — your Brother Madam, by Heaven is a very brave Fellow, and one that has done me many ſignal favours, and whoſo'er defames him, lyes in's throat, is a Son of a Whore, a Dog and Poultroon, and ſhall be Carbonado'd for your ſake; next for his own.

Bett. For mine, alas Sir, indeed you degrade your ſelf.

Tim.

Tim. Secrets will out at laſt Madam, the Sun cannot be long clouded.

Bett. Sir, this is too miſtical for ſo barren an apprehenſion as mine is.

Tim. Madam, you may conceal it how you pleaſe; but your Brother has done me the honour to impart a Secret to me.

Bett. A Secret Sir! — for Heavens ſake, of me, or my Lady?

Tim. Your Lady — ha, ha, ha, — who's that — no, no, that won't paſs: I have a piercing eye, it may be a foreſeeing one.

Bett. What do ye foreſee Sir?

Tim. Where a great Fortune lyes: Nay I can tell too whether 5000 *l.* or 15 Groats — your Lady — ha, ha, ha, harke Madam, deal freely with me — is ſhe not your Chambermaid? I ſuppoſe 'twill come to that at laſt.

Bett. O fye, no indeed Sir, but I ſee my Brother has been too talkative of my concerns: Yet this committing it to the boſom of a perſon of ſo much merit and worth, as your actions ſufficiently demonſtrate you to be, has in ſome meaſure releaſed my doubt, I well knowing the extraordinary Perfections Heaven has beſtowed on you, eſpecially in concealing the ſecret of a perſon extreamly ſenſible of Fortunes bounty, in permitting the honour to be enroll'd among thethe number of your admirers.

Tim. Madam, your commands can make me dumb, if this had come from a man now; what a rare ſpeech was here to have criticis'd upon, but I am glad I have diſcovered her Quality.

Pen. within, *Betty*, where are you?

Tim. Who's that?

Bett Sir *Formalls* Daughter Sir.

Tim. Methinks Sir *Formall's* Daughter's a little too familiar, though with one of your Quality.

Bett. 'Tis as I pleaſe to have it Sir, for a time: Hark ſhe's coming, and 'tis not fit ſhe ſees this Interview; therefore, Sir, I muſt beg you to retire, and leave the purſuance of this affair to a fitter opportunity, alwayes remembring that your ſecreſy will oblige me; for were my Qualities publiſht, I could never reſt free from the impertinent Addreſſes of the Town Fops, and that was indeed the reaſon.

Tim. Of your diſguiſing your ſelf into a Chambermaid, nay never bluſh, it muſt be ſo.

Bett. Well indeed Sir, you have the winningſt way with you.

Pen. Within, Why *Betty*, what are you doing of?

Tim. Again, a very impudent woman, this Madam, as ever I ſaw; but the truth is, I ever thought her a woman of ſlender Diſcretion, but leaſt as you ſay, ſhe ſhould come and diſturb us, I'le take my leave, and be only happy in contemplating your perfection, being deprived of the Bleſſing of your Society. *Exit.*

Bett. The Bleſſing of my Society —— ha, ha, ha, was ever ſuch a Fop ſeen, he runs faſter into the ſnare then I would have him; I play'd my part rarely well, there's but a ſtep more between me and my wiſhes, if I can get that my race is finiſht, if not, 'tis but ſo many hopes loſt, and the odd Complements: I'le go and diſcloſe all to my Lady, ſhe I am ſure will further it; the next is, to appoint an Aſſignation, get a Parſon and Marry, and the next, to take State upon me as befits my Fortune. *Exit.*

SCENE III. *Second Chamber.*

Enter Bernard *and* Lucia. *A Letter.*

Ber. Nay, prithee trouble not thy ſelf about this, 'tis a concern of a friends of mine ith' Country; but to our own affair, I ſaw *Frank Amorous* coming in the Street, I know he's coming hither: Put your ſelf into a fit poſture, it may be a Husband, and a 1000 *l.* a year in your way, if well manag'd.

Luc. Pray let me alone to manage it.

Ber. I'le go into my Cloſet, and over-hear him, and in the middle of his Courtſhip ſurprize him, hark he's coming —— you know your part, —— I'le obſcure my ſelf.

Enter Franck Amorous, *She offers to run away, he Catches and holds her.*

Franck. Nay, do not fly me Madam, you are found, I thank my Stars they have lighted me the way, the right way now —— I have rambled long enough.

Luc. And now you have found me, what are you the better? what Propoſitions can you make your ſelf?

Franck. Why all Madam, all that man could wiſh for; I have youth enough, ſtrength enough, Love enough, and Money enough, and what a Pox ſhould bauk my Propoſitions: I do propound to my ſelf that I am the man that muſt ——

Luc. —— What?

Franck. Why do a certain affair for you which ſhall be namleſs. But before I proceed any further in Diſcourſe, oblige me ſo far, as to tell me in what manner of Phraſe I ſhall accoſt you? whether in your old way of Raillery and Affront, or my old of Love and Inſinuation?

Luc. Neither Sir, I am not prepared for an Addreſs.

Franck. But I am —— do but try me —— I'le warrant I'le fit your humour.

Luc. You'l find it ſomewhat troubleſome —— mine's a continued Temper.

Franck. So that's my Cue, it muſt be the old way —— 'Tis the ſtrangeſt

ſtrangeſt humour I ever met with, nothing will win her but flat abuſes.

Luc. Sir, you will oblige me to be brief in declaring your buſineſs.

Franck. Why, then to be plain with you Madam, the world takes notice of your retir'd life, and has been bold to paſs ungrounded Cenſures upon your reputation: There is a Gentleman is ſeen to Viſit you often, one I could name, if occaſion were, and to my knowledge — ha's above three and twenty Wives, beſides ſome thirteen Miſtreſſes, conveniently Lodged for each particular Ramble.

Ber. Impudent Raskal. *(Behind.)*

Luc. Certainly not ſo many as you mention, but if he had, I could forgive him: Beſides Sir, methinks you have little reaſon to ſpeak of this, having your ſelf by this Character of you been ſixteen times under the Surgeons hands, and as often Cited into the Court for getting of Baſtards.

Franck. Pugh — a lye — a notorious lye — I Cited to the Court Madam, he only told you this, for fear of being too much intereſted in your favour.

Luc. Sir, he needs not fear that, for both he and all others are alike to me, I ſeldom fawn on any one.

Franck. That fawns on you, you mean, one that will Court you, Serve you, Sing to you, Play with you, Love ye, Kiſs ye, Marry you, Lye with you, Honour you, and keep you to the end of the Chapter.

Luc. The truth is, 'tis a great deal better then 'tother, and I'm pleaſed to ſee your endeavours.

Franck. Art thou pretty ſweet Creature? and 'igad I will endeavour moſt extreamly — moſt vehemently, but I will pleaſe thee at laſt.

Ber. So now I'le upon him, he's ripe now for the Plot.

Luc. I'me ſure now you inſult over my weakneſs, if I ſhould be kind.

Franck. Inſult, baniſh me for ever thy preſence, which is the greateſt Curſe I can think of, if I do not adore every inch of thee, and think this the happieſt minute I ever ſaw, my deer, ſweet, pretty excellent. *Kiſſes her hand,* Bernard *pulls him.*

Ber. Sir.

Luc. Oh Heavens! *Bernard* here!

Franck. Ay, I knew the Devil would ſend him — well, ſince it is ſo, I will be impudent, and get out as well as I can. Your pleaſure Sir — you ſee 'tis I, make your beſt on't.

Ber. Then Sir, let me tell you — you are a Villain.

Franck. And Sir, let me tell you, you lye, there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver.*

Ber. 'Dsdeath can I be patient? [*He offers to draw.*

Luc. Hold Sir, do you know where you are, and what I am, that you dare do this; muſt I be affronted with your unſeaſonable Quarrels? And muſt my Chamber be your field to tilt in: call you this Love to me? I grow enraged at the Affront.

Ber. Madam, can you then take part with my enemy, the Raviſher of my delights, and continued ſo to virtue.

Franck. And fools —— pray put that in too.

Ber. Had'ſt thou not Impudence beyond example, and wert a lyer on record, how couldſt thou ſay I had three and twenty Wives, and ſo many Miſtreſſes, alwayes knowing the ſincerity of my Life and Converſation.

Franck. And wert thou not immediate contriver of falſhood under *Lucifer*, and owner of an impudence ſurpaſſing his, how couldſt thou ſay I had been ſixteen times under the Surgeons hands, and as often Cited for getting Baſtards? knowing my immaculate temper and ſtrange averſion to Unchaſtity.

Ber. Ha —— thy averſion —— 'dsheart do not I know.

Luc. Sir, what you pleaſe, but this is no fit place for you to declare your knowledge in; and ſince your nature is ſo turbulent, think it not ſtrange if I deſire your abſence: Pray leave us.

Ber. Madam, I know too much of duty to diſpute your commands. But Sir —— you ſhall dearly pay for this —— believe't you ſhall, an Heireſs, and ten thouſand Pounds is not ſo eaſily won as you imagine: but we ſhall meet again. [*Exit.*

Franck. An Heireſs, and ten thouſand pound, I am raviſht at my Fortune —— meet again ah —— i'gad —— I would meet thee in the Quarrel, were it in Hell, and our Weapons were to be Firebrands —— 'tis a rare Creature, and I am certain Loves him intirely —— Madam, he's gone, ha, ha, ha, the poor Fellow is retir'd; and now ſince you have half bleſt me already, take pitty and compleat it, I am a Gentleman, my Eſtate a thouſand *per annum*, raiſe me from death and take me for your Husband: I love you above life, and 'twill be Charity in you to keep him from deſpair, that lives but to adore you.

Luc. You are too haſty Sir, let me conſider a while, the cauſe requires it; however meet me in *Grays-Inn*-Walks this Evening, and my anſwer ſhall be as ſatisfactory, as my honour will permit, or decency allow of.

Franck. I'le be as punctual as the hour, till when, adieu ſweet ſtealer of my heart; thou precious, melting, charming, ſnairing ——'dsdeath I am tranſported. [*Exit.*

Enter Bernard.

Ber. Ha, ha, ha, rarely performed, thou haſt fir'd him ſo, that he'l certainly marry thee, though it were only in hopes to beguile me, and when 'tis done, no matter for his frown; I'le be at hand to ſee thou art not wronged, go, go in, prepare for the aſſignation, ſo it works rare. Now my young Roving Gallant, I think I've met we'e, 'tis the ſweeteſt revenge. [*Exit.*

For

For he's ſo heedleſs, that he certainly marries her. But now for another affair, Sir *Formalls* Daughter I find by this Letter, has caſt him off, and re-eſtabliſht me, I'le inſtantly to her; if occaſion ſerve get a Prieſt and Marry her, and by that time I ſuppoſe, his buſineſs will be done: This once compleated, I am ſufficiently reveng'd on his infidelity, and ſhall have no cauſe to complain on my own ill Fortune.

Friendſhip and Love, a loſty Fabrick raiſe,
Which when once crack't, immediatly decayes.

ACT. V.

Scene I. *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Bernard *and* Penelope.

Ber. MAdam, this aſſurance of your affection has baniſht my former doubts, your paſt diſpleaſure looks but as a Dream, that now I am awake troubles my Bliſs to find the contrary.

Pen Take heed the Dream Sir, is not ſeconded with one to fright you more, you have ſmall reaſon to hope otherwiſe, if I ſhould look ſeverely into your Life.

Ber. My Life! I warrant you think me Inconſtant; Fye Madam, diſcard ſuch mean ſuppoſitions: But if I were falſe, how can you complaine, knowing how you have tortured me, by your favouring *Franck Amorous*.

Pen. I'le not diſpute it now, though I know ſomething, ſomething perhaps you did intend to hide; your *Lucia*'s diſcovered Sir —— Lord how you men are deceived, when imagining to hide your Miſtreſſes, you moſt diſcloſe 'em.

Ber. Well, I do confeſs. But conſider Madam, it was your ſeverity was the Cauſe, together with my Conſtitution, which cannot ſubſiſt without a Helper.

Pen. I have conſider'd on't, and becauſe you ſhall not ſay I am too rigorous, I am content to take that for an excuſe, more eſpecially becauſe you ſay you have laid a Plot to enſnare that inconſtant Fellow; but are you ſure he will marry her?

Ber. I am ſure the Plot is well laid, and he is of that raſh, heedleſs nature, that 'tis a thouſand to one he ſcapes it not.

Pen.

Pen. As for the other Fop, the *Fool turn'd Critick*, his Game lyes another way, and perhaps at last neither of 'em will have cause to boast of too good Fortune. But let us go in, and be sure you seek to please my Father, who is now at a great difference with old *Winelove*, about the Estate he means to give his Son; loose no time, it may be this minute was ordained to make us happy.

Ber. Madam, you have turtor'd me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Smallwit *Solus.*

Small. I am scarce recovered of my Bruises yet, this Iron-Fisted Rascal has so maul'd me. If I but think of a Battoon, I tremble, and a Sword is more dreadful to me then an Execution to a Banckrupt: 'Tis very hard yet each man has his destiny, ; why may not a beating be as natural to me as to another Man, I was once a Servitor in a Colledge, and was beaten through my office very often. But that *Bernard*, now I stand on the brinck of preferment, should do this to me is insufferable, and I will be revenged: I heard of an appointment betwixt him and *Penelope*, which I will streight disclose to her Father, and by that means frustrate his designes, this is one way to plague him, and I'le about it presently. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *Hall.*

Enter Old Wine *and Sir* Formall.

Sir *For.* Not a Cross more Sir, I have told you the utmost, you know my way, and how fixt my resolves are, my Daughters my Daughter but my Mony's my Wife Sir, two thousand Pounds I'le give her, if you expect more, you are deceived, I never did intend it.

Old Win. Then let me tell you Sir, I scorn your offer, two thousand Pounds, a Portion for a Pedlar; my Son Sir, shall be Landed 500 Pound a year, it may be more, besides his Breeding, which put into Ballance makes a thousand, a Fortune not to be bestowed upon so Mean a person as your Daughter, but only my good nature.

Sir *For.* How Sir? Mean?

Old Wine. I said it Sir, and once propound, that if it be a Match, you shall bestow three thousand Pounds at the day of Marriage, and your Mannor of *Broughton* in *Essex* at the Birth of her first Child.

Sir *For.* But suppose Sir, she has no Children?

Old Wine. How Sir! no Children! ha, ha, ha, my *Tim* no Children! was ever such a doubt made? why Sir, he has stockt all the Parishes about us with his off-spring already, there's never a Mumper in *Essex* but has one of 'em at her back, nay, they are so numerous, that you may

may 'em at four pence half-penny a piece, and a good pennyworth too: No Children quoth he, alas Sir, he has been tryed in that long ago.

Sir *For.* I, I Sir, ſo has my Daughter been tryed too Sir, but you'l find it not ſo eaſie to propagate here, as in the Country.

Old Win. No, your reaſon Sir?

Sir *For.* Why Sir, our Air is not ſo nouriſhing: Beſides, take this from me, one that has known the City Complexions as well as the Country; you ſpoiled your Son when you permitted him to be a man of the Town.

Old Win. Piſh.

Sir *For.* Believe me you did; pray tell me when did you ever know a Critick, a man of Mode as they call 'em, get Children, never, Ods Bobs Sir, they cannot do't; why all the Spirit they have is infuſed with Pottag, Langoone and Lobſters, no natural Cauſes to produce Effects, a ſort of dry, unſound wretched Fellows, that can get nothing but Claps, nor that neither, but that 'tis hereditary, and entayled from one Generation to another.

Old Win. Sir *Formal*, think not by this Ribble Rabble, this diſcourſe of nothing, to put me out of conceit with my Son; I know Sir, he is Youug, Airy and Luſty, and as I ſaid before Sir, a true *Wivelove*, one that can chooſe a Doxy with Diſcretion: what doubt my own Fleſh and Blood, not I 'igad, when I was a young man, I durſt have lookt a woman in the Face my ſelf, as well as ſome that were fatter; but let that paſs, my *Tim* get no Children! ha, ha, ha!

Sir *For.* I'le ſtand to what I've ſaid Sir.

Old Win. Sir, you muſt not Sir, I ſhall grow angry then, troth I ſhall, very angry, and 'twill be dangerous to urge it farther.

Sir *For.* I ſlight your anger Sir, and to perſevere, I tell you once more, what I ſaid is true.

Old Win. What, that my Son can get no Children!

Sir *For.* No Sir, that deſerves that name, ſince you provoke me, he, —— a thing made up of Froth and Vanity.

Old Wine. Old man, do not provoke me, —— I ſay do not —— for by the Reverend Beard of *John* a *Gaunt*, I have knockt down as tall a Fellow in my time —— but no more, I ſay do not provoke me.

Sir *For.* Provoke thee Dotard, I defy thee and thy Son too; his Cringes and his Tricks, let him from henceforth forbear my houſe, a Critick, a Fool.

Old Win. Fool in your Face Sir, Coxcomb, s'bud were it in another place, I'd cramb that notion down your throat again, call the greateſt Wit ith' Nation Fool, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *For.* A Wit, why did'ſt ever know a right Critick a Wit, no they are Fools originally, and uſurp the name of Critick, only to get reputation among ſome few pretenders; this is in brief my opinion of 'em.

Old

Old Win. I ſhall refine your opinion preſently, for I can forbear no longer, take that Sir, and the Lye. *(Strikes him.*

Sir *For.* That Sir, 'twas home I confeſs, but I'le not be behind hand with you. *[They Cuff one another, and pull off both Hats and Perewigs.*

Enter Smallwit.

Small. Hey day! what work's here? Sir *Formall*, Mr. *Winelove*; for Heavens ſake, what do you mean, old Friends and quarrel thus, come, come, forbear. *[parts 'em.*

Sir *For.* A Drunken Dotard.

Old Win. A Teſty Cuckold.

Sir *For.* Hah!

Old Win. 'Tis true Sir.

Small. Nay Mr. *Winelove*, for Heavens ſake be pacified, I have a World of News to tell you. News that concerns you too, good Sir be reconciled.

Old Win. Keep him but off, I have done —— I am for peace.

Small. Sir *Formall*, come forget petty Differences, you little think what News I have to tell you.

Sir *For.* What is't prithee? Sir, I ſhall think on you another time.

Old Win. At your leiſure Sir, I ſeldom walk diſguiſed, my *Tim* get no Children; ha, ha, ha,: But come my little Mercury, what News is this thou haſt to tell me?

Small. Give your Attention, for it equally concerns you both.

Ambo. Say on.

Small. Why then Sir —— your Daughter has to my knowledge, this afternoon made an Aſſignation with *Bernard* to meet him in the *Mulbery-Garden*, and if you make not great haſte, will be married e're you can get thither, for I ſaw a little Black man like one of the Clergy in the Coach with 'em.

Sir. *For.* Ha! with *Bernard*? If this be true I am undone.

Small. 'Tis Certainly true Sir, for I knew him very well, though ſhe pretended he was her Kinſman.

Sir *For.* Kinſman! ah cunning Jilt, but I'le take a Coach, and forbid the Banes immediatly. *[Exit.*

Small. And Sir, your Son my Pupil, has inſtead of *Penelope*, married as I hear a vaſt Fortune, a near Kinſman of *Franck Amoreus*, one that fell in Love with him, and he taking time by the forelock this morning married her.

Old Win. A Fortune ſay you?

Small. Some ſix or ten thouſand Sir, 'tis reported diverſly, but for certain a vaſt Fortune.

Old Win. There's for thy News, I'm o'rjoyed at this: But where are they? doſt thou know that?

Small.

Small. Gone to the *Mulbery-Garden*, to keep their Wedding Dinner.

Old Wine. I'le make one amongſt 'em inſtantly; ſix thouſand Pounds, and got ſo handſomely: This News has made me young again, I could Dance: Methinks I am ſo Jocund! Ah 'tis a Witty Raſcal, how cunningly has he carried his buſineſs!

Small. He has indeed been very private in it.

Old Wine. Nay he has a Politick Pate on my word; he's as I told Sir *Formall*, a true *Winelove* — run Mr. *Smallwit* and call the next Coach, I'le thither preſently; he has outwitted me; but I rejoyce at his Fortune; and now a fig for Sir *Formall* and his Propoſalls, I'me reſolved to be extreamly Merry, and Crown this Marriage with my Love and Approbation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Mulbery Garden.*

Enter Franck Amorous *and* Lucia. *A Letter*

Franck. Madam, till this moment I ne're was happy, but in your Company lies ſuch Crowds of Joyes, that my ſoul's too narrow to receive 'em.

Luc. I'm afraid you do but mock, and you men are ſuch Deceivers that it impoſes a general ſcandall upon the Sex. Sure you cannot be ſo, can you?

Franck. No by Heavens, I can ſooner be falſe to my own ſoul, then think of deceiving thee; I love thee with ſo much Zeal, and my Paſſion is ſo violent, that I fear I ſhall never have Patience till the Parſon have Married us.

Luc. Indeed you muſt, Lord what will become of me if you want Patience, I ſhall never be able to endure a man that wants patience.

Franck. Well I'le endeavour, but defer my Bliſs as little as you can.

Luc. You are as eager as if you were going to take poſſeſſion of a Happineſs conducing to your Life.

Franck. My life, ay Gad, my deareſt life; my ſoul is at ſtake if I miſs thee, for I will certainly hang my ſelf, and wilfully loſe a ſecond Heaven, being deprived of my firſt: Come, prithee let's go.

Luc. What man's this that's come to us?

Franck. 'Sheart 'tis young *Winelove*, I promiſed to meet him here, and now he has ſeen me, 'tis but vain to avoid him. Dear Madam, ſtep but into the next Arbour whilſt I exchange a word or two with him, and I'l be with you inſtantly.

Luc. So I think I have him faſt enough, , would the Parſon were come, that I might be out of pain. Lord what fools theſe men are!

[*Exit, and going out drops a Paper.*

Franck. What's this she has dropt? [*Reads.*
To my dear Lucia — from he Guardian I'le warrant about her Estate; when *Wineleve*'s gone I'le read it.

Enter Tim.

Tim. sings. *How happy is he that is free*
From the Troubles and Cares of the Wise:
That Banquets his sense
With a world of expence,
And hates the dull life of the sordid precise.

Hah! Brother.

Franck. Sir, I see you are a man of your word, but more Merry and Jocund then usual.

Tim. Why faith I am Sir; the Stars have been kind, and I have been kind, and I have cause to be so; for I have Married a Lady this morning that is a *non parelio*: And I that formerly Criticised upon the whole Sex, now confess my self foiled in my own Argument.

Franck. Married Sir! may I not beg the favour to know whom?

Tim. Faith I must desire your pardon at present, time will discover all, but assure your self 'tis not to *Penelope*; Fate I thank it, has seated me a little higher. In the mean time I have Brotherly affection for thee, which shall continue in spite of Death and Destiny.

Sings.

How Happy is he that is free, &c.

I am so Airie I could fly methinks.

Franck. You are the spark of our Age Sir, — but prethee forward with the, methinks it begins well.

Tim. Ah Pox no, there's nothing in't, 'twas writ by a Fellow that writes your Elegies, your News from *Rumford*, your Murders, Characters of Baleys, and the like. A damned Tune too, set by a Novice in the Science; but if thou wilt hear a Song, I le sing thee one of my own, a new thing; and I think you'le say a good one; that has had the honour to be stiled so by some persons of Honour, that love such things, and sometimes love to write 'em.

Franck. Come prethee lets hear it.

Tim. Stay I'le go call three of my Friends here Drinking in the next Arbour to bear the Chorus, and I'le be with you instantly.

[*Exit.*

Franck. I wonder who the Devil he has Married, but I am glad 'tis not *Penelope*; for though I have her not my self; I should be sorry to have her enjoyed by such a Fop as this.

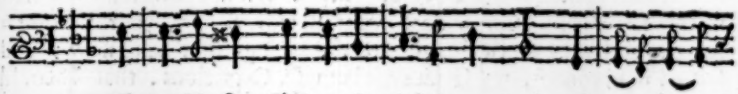
Enter

Enter Tim *and Muſicians.*

Tim. Come Friends, keep your Time, pray obſerve Sir.

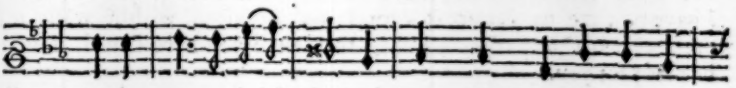
SONG.

No more dull Reaſon, ſeek no more
To feed me to thy ſlender food:
Thy ſober precepts have no power,
To keep me from my chiefeſt good.
In Love and Wine my Bliſs relyes,
And he that e're would happy be,
His growing Appetite muſt prize:
Defie all Cares, and live like me.



To ramble from Taverns is nightly our task, To roar through

the ſtreets, and debauch the next Mask; to baffle the Watch,



in deſpight of their Bills, get home; and next morning to

Breakfaſt with Pills; Till cramp with the Pox, we aſpire to re-

nown, take State, and are call'd brisk Men of the Town.

2.

We know no Rapture, own no Wit,
But what Impertinence is known;
At Playes we range our ſelves ith' Pit,
And hate all Fancies but our own.
We rail and biſs, that men may ſee
We men of Senſe and Judgment are;
But if examined ſeriouſly:
The Devil a grain we have to ſpare.

Chorus *To Ramble*, &c.

Well what thinkeſt thou, is it not Modiſh?

Franck. Faith 'tis extreamly modiſh, and more Wit then I expected. But you may thank a Friend for't to my knowledge. [*aſide.*

Tim. The truth is, the world is ſomewhat ignorant of my Guifts; but Modeſty you know is a Vertue; Beſides Wit in a Song is now worth nothing, your Fighting Songs, your Bawdy Songs, your Drunken Songs, and your Mock Songs, are the things that take now; and faith I muſt confeſs, my Genius has been ſo Capricious, that I could never yet allow of 'em, though compoſed by perſons of Quality.

Franck. Sir, I am ſo little a Judge in it, that my defence will be worſe then you ſay the Songs are.

Tim. You may ſay of your ſelf what you pleaſe, but give me leave to think otherwiſe; but come paſs this Diſcourſe, and now to the Buſineſs that you are to diſcloſe to me, prethee what is't? hah!

Franck. Why ſomething that I know concerns you, but at preſent I have no time to declare it; for I have a Friend within waits my preſence with impatience, but by that time you have Dined, I ſhall be ready for you.

Tim. Well Sir, I will not hinder buſineſs, being a man that naturally loves it, eſpecially the affair I ſuppoſe you are engaged in. Sir, your moſt Humble Servant, I ſhall wait with patience, and think it an honour to enjoy your Company at your own Leiſure.

Franck. Sir, I am no ſtranger to your Rhetorick. [*Exit* Tim.

Opens the Letter.

Reads. *Dear heart, though I was ſo unfortunate to miſs your Company laſt night, and thereby was deſtitute of that Elizium in your embraces, which I uſed to enjoy* ——

Hell and the Devil! what's here?

Yet aſſure your ſelf to night, no Buſineſs ſhall keep me from you: I hope to ſee you Married, and then my Revenge will be Compleated. Be ſure you

carry

carry it cunningly, that he may not perceive our deſigne, when the buſineſs is done, we'l meet at the old place, and Laugh; till then I muſt be a ſtranger.
Your aſſured Friend *Bernard.*

I had rather it had been from the Devil, and leſs fright 'twould have put me in: what a dreadful Precipice have I eſcaped! Certainly there's ſome great Bleſſing Providence has in ſtore, it takes ſuch care of me. For this Plot had certainly took with another; this woman I find now is *Bernards* Hireling; a thing that's his, or any mans for half a Guiny, 'sdeath I ſweat to think how modiſhly we too ſhould have lived together; well 'twas I confeſs, very well contrived, and had it took I had ſufficiently paid for my Infidelity. But now for a Counter-plot to work backward on them, that would be rare. Ha! who's this? 'tis Certainly *Bernard*; 'tis the ſame diſguiſe he uſed to wear upon an Intrigue.

Enter Smallwit *in a Cloak and Diſguiſe.*

Small. 'Tis he, this was lucky to meet him ſo opportunely; Sir a word with you.

Franck. With me Sir?

Small. I Sir, do not ſtart, d'ye know me.

Franck. Smallwit?

Small. The ſame Sir, one that to compleat his revenge, for the ill uſage he received of *Bernard*, and to do you a favour will ſhew you the broad path to your content; you did love *Penelope.*

Franck. And do ſtill by Heaven, above all other women Breathing.

Small. Then follow but my Directions, and ſhe's yours; this is his Cloak and falſe Beard, the Diſguiſe he came hither in to obſcure himſelf from knowledge of her Father, who by my appointment intends to come and fruſtrate his deſigne, he will be here within half an hour: *Bernard* now is gone to buy a Ring; now Sir, follow but your Fortunes and make uſe of this Diſguiſe, and you may Marry her before either of 'em come.

Franck. This is the utmoſt extent of Fortunes Bounty: Dear Rogue let me Kiſs thee, thou art my *Eſculapius*, my Preſerver; my every thing, come, come, the Cloak, if this hit right I will adore the Invention.

Small. Sir, it muſt certainly hit, if you make haſt, for ſhe can never diſtinguiſh through that diſguiſe one from t'other.

Franck. 'Sdeath I am rapt with the thought on't; but hark Dear *Smallwit*, I have one thing more to tell thee; which if thou canſt but bring about, thy name ſhall flouriſh in our Chronicle: In the next Alley is walking one of *Bernards* Wenches: If thou canſt now but inſtead of *Penelope* get him to marry her in a diſguiſe, 'twill be thy Maſter-piece;

ſome-

ſomething has paſt betwixt her and me, but tell her, my eyes are now open; to convince her, ſhow her this Letter, aud then lay your Plot as you find her Humour.

Small. Well Sir, perfect your deſign, and let me alone with this; away you loſe time. [*Exit* Franck.

This will be an excellnt revenge if it but take, yonder ſhe walks; I'm confident that muſt be ſhe, and I'le accoſt her inſtantly. [*Exit.*

Enter Penelope.

Pen. I wonder he ſtayes ſo long, being to finiſh ſo weighty an Affair as Matrimony, for I am reſolved to marry him in ſpite of all Oppoſers; I have had ſufficient proofs of *Franck Amorous*'s falſehood and of *Bernards* fidelity, and therefore think it but Juſtice to chuſe the moſt deſerving; 'twas baſely done of him at firſt to betray his Friend, and to perſevere in it, is worſe, but I hope he will pay for all, for I ſaw him come along the toher Walk with *Lucia*, whoſe Company, now I know her, I ſhall ſhun, though heretofore I ignorantly thinking ſhe had been *Bernards* Kinſwoman, gave her place in my Affections. But ſee here he comes, I knew he would not ſtay long.

Enter Franck Amorous.

Oh are you come, you frighted me ſufficiently with your ſtay, you know I am nothing without your Company.

Franck. Let's in then, leſt we are diſcover'd — it takes rarely (*Aſide.* [*Exit.*

Enter Bernard *and* Ralph.

Dra. Upon my word I ſaw neither of 'em.

Ber. Very ſtrange, I left her above in the Balcony Room, and the Parſon with my Cloak below in the Kitchin Drinking with the Waterman, and now I can find neither my Miſtreſs, the Parſon, nor my Cloak.

Dra. Perhaps Sir, my Maſter has laid it up, and the Lady no doubt is ſomewhere walking in the Garden; but as to the Parſon, I ſuppoſe he's otherwiſe engaged, for here's another Company in the houſe, that to my knowledge have occaſion to make uſe of him.

Ber. 'Sdeath how unlucky's this, the Canonical hour will be paſt if I ſtay half an hour longer, and my deſign's fruſtrate for this day, hark you Friend; will you do me a favour.

Dra. Any thing Sir, in my power.

Ber. Well ſaid, and there's a Guiney for thy willingneſs; run then and get the Mourning Cloak thy Maſter wore laſt Sunday and a High-Crown'd

Crown'd Hat, I'le procure a falſe Beard and a little black Perriwig, and thou ſhalt Act the Parſon, and Marry us inſtead of t'other.

Dra. Shall I, with all my heart Sir, you may command what you pleaſe.

Ber. Thou canſt Read, canſt not?

Dra. Yes Sir, we have a large Common-Prayer-Book within that I can read perfectly; and let me alone to act Sir *Domine*, I have their Starcht Grimace, the Hum, their Ha, and twirling of the Band ſtrings as right Sir, as if I were Bred to it.

Ber. Canſt thou? pretious Rogue; come then let's make haſte: Do it but well, and I have another broad Piece to Crown thy Service, read but perfectly, and 'tis well enough; for that's as much as the beſt of 'em can do.

Dra. Do not doubt me Sir, I'le warrant you I'le Mimick a Parſon rarely.

Ber. Away then, we looſe time, I'le get a Witneſs or two, and we'l about it inſtantly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Smallwit *and* Lucia *with the Letter.*

Small. Madam, you ſee your Intrigue's diſcovered, therefore I think it to be a great deal of prudence, to make the beſt uſe of your Fortune: Mr. *Amorous* is irrevocably loſt, but if you'l take my Councel, *Bernard* ſhall be yours, which I ſuppoſe in ſome part will make amends, conſider on't, and think, to fret now will little avail you.

Luc. The Devil was in't that I ſhould drop that Letter ſo unfortunately; But are you ſure you can contrive that *Bernard* may Marry me? for ſo I have one of 'em I care not much which it is. and to deal freely with you, I ſtand at preſent in great neceſſity of Marriage, for ſome private Reaſons beſt known to my ſelf.

Small. It will infallibly be as I told you, ſo you take Care but to Counterfeit *Penelope*'s Voice a little: For look here's the Gown ſhe wore this morning, which Mr. *Amorous* has got from her by Wile, and 'tis the Garment *Bernard* knows her by, and then your Mask for your Face will diſguſe you abſolutely like her.

Luc. Well this may do, if Fortune do but aid a little.

Small. Doubt not that Fortune alwayes favours the afflicted: come on with it. [*puts on the Gown.*
So now carry the Plot but handſomely and be happy. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Ultima.

Enter Old winelove *and* Tim *and* Betty.

Tim. Hey Sirrah, Drawer, bring ſome more Wine, and d'ye hear, bid

bid the Muſick Strike up: 'tis a day of Triumph, and ſhall be ſo accounted.

Old Wine. And ſo it ſhall Boy, hey Boyes, ſtrike us there, toll, loll, loll; a day of Jubilee *Tim*, give me thy hand; thou art an Arch Wagge, a dad thou art, and I did not think it had been in thee —— toll, loll, loll, thou haſt made me young again; methinks I could dance a Jig. Madam, I faith you are too melancholly. *Tim*, to her *Tim*, to her I ſay, 'tis a rare plump Girle: prithee ſweet-heart be Merry, toll, loll, loll.

Bett. In truth Sir, I'm exceeding Merry. Oh Dear how is't poſſible for me to be otherwiſe in ſuch excellent Company; but ſhall I have a Coach my Dear?

Tim. A Coach, ay that thou ſhalt; and ſix *Flanders* Mares too, and a Coach-man, and ſix Footmen, and three Poſtillions, doubt that? why thou ſhalt have any thing, thou ſhalt have me: A Pox on't, how came that damned old end of a Song into my head.

Old Wine. And Madam, if you like not theſe Propoſals, I'le go and purchaſe the Elephant yonder in *Fleet-ſtreet* for you, I ſuppoſe a man may have him now at a reaſonable rate, and thou ſhalt ride in ſtate like the *Mogull* in the *Indies*, and be ſeen by the wondring Spectators *Gratis* toll, loll, loll.

Bett. The Elephant! ha, ha, ha, Sir; your Father's a very merry man, and the beſt company I ever met with.

Old Wine. Who I, I faith no, I have loſt my merry humour, Age has outworn it, how old Madam do'e think I am, pray gueſs.

Bett. Sir, I gueſs you to be about five and forty.

Old Wine. Ha, ha, ha, five and forty, I faith you are out, though I am above threeſcore and ten, by this good light, and yet I have my Health ſweet Lady, and I can Talk ſweet Lady, and I can Sing and Dance ſweet Lady, and Drink with the beſt Roarer of 'em all ſweet Lady, and by the help of a good Eſtate do intend to do ſo above this 20 years ſweet Lady, hem —— I'm ſound at heart, and as Brisk as another man, no diſparagement to my *Tim* there.

Tim. Madam, you muſt excuſe, the Old Gentleman's a little given to vanity, a Vice I could not ſuffer in 'em were he not my Father.

Enter a Vintner.

Vin. Sir, a Gentleman and a Lady hearing your Muſick, deſire to be of your Company, if it may be without prejudice.

Old Wine. If they come to be merry with us, they are welcome, and ſo let 'em underſtand.

[*Exit* Vintner.

Enter

Enter Franck, Penelope, *Sir* Formall *like a Parſon.*

Franck. Gentlemen pray let us not appear rude to deſire this Favour.

Tim. Sir, aſſure your ſelf, we know ſo well good Manners, as not to deny a Gentleman of ſo worthy a preſence, ſo ſmall a Courteſie, you're welcome — Dam him, that I ſhould looſe ſuch an Expreſſion on ſuch a Scrub: Methinks he looks like a Bailiff. [*Aſide.*

Old Wine. Well ſaid *Tim.*

Franck. I'm glad they know me not, but I'le ſtay here as little as I can, ha. [*Aſide.*

Enter Vintner, Bernard, Smallwitt, Lucia *and* Ralph *like a Parſon.*

Vin. There Sir, that Gentleman wears the Cloak you brought; I ſuppoſe he's of your Acquaintance.

Franck. 'Tis *Bernard*, but ſince the Buſineſs is done, I value not his threats.

Bern. Sir, I did not expect ſuch an Action from a Gentleman, this Cloak's mine.

Franck. It is ſo Sir, at your Service, the Beard likewiſe; be pleaſed to pardon the Borrower.

Ber. Amorous! I am amazed.

Pen. Heavens! I am betrayed! [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Franck. But this Lady Sir, is mine now, my Friend here can affirm it. [*pointing to Sir* Formall.

Bern. 'Sdeath *Penelope*! and he married to her: who the Devil have I got then?

Luc. A good Friend of yours, aſſure your ſelf. } Luc. *diſcovers*

Small. So, ſo, now it works. } *her ſelf.*

Ber. Why ſure we all dream, Are you awake old Gentleman?

Old Wine. By my faith I think ſo.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, Plots, Plots, by Gad I love Plots dearly, as I am a ſinner.

Frank. You ſee my good Fortune in ſpite of all oppoſitions has made you mine; love me for your own ſake, as you expect me to be hereafter kind to you.

Bern. Baſe Treacherous wretch! [*Offers to Draw.*

Old Wine. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, we muſt have no Fighting.

Franck. I underſtand you not Sir, you ſee your Plots have faild you.

Bern. You ſhall underſtand Sir, when next I meet with you: Aſſure your ſelf, though you have married her, you ſhall not long enjoy our happineſs; you ſha'not Sir.

Frank. No Sir? why who ſhall hinder it?

Sir For. That will I.

Ber. Who are you?

Sir For. One that will cut your Matrimonial knot Sir; look de'e know me yet?

Om. Sir Formal!

Pen. Dear Father —— [*kneels.*

Sir For. Go too, you Baggage —— but no matter, wipe your eyes, I'll talk with you hereafter.

Tim. Ha, ha, ha, more Plots, more Plots? by Gad I like this extremely.

Small. 'Sheart here's a great deal more Plot in this then I designed: the old Fox was Cunninger then I imagined.

Sir For. Sir, I am no Priest de'e see, I hired my Habit of the man of God that I suppose you designed for the business, nor shall my Daughter be married without my approbation.

Franck. Why then Sir, your Humble Servant; pox on't 'tis but a designe lost, and I'le content my self that he's tyed to his good behaviour with his *Lucia* there.

Bern. Sir, I am not so fast bound as you imagine, and to let you see, I have sometimes as good luck as others, Know that I am no more married then you are; witness honest *Ralph* here.

Ralph. Even so, I can assure you Gentlemen.

Old Wine. Heyday! what more Miracles?

Small. Here has been damnable Counterplots I see, a Devil on't, who would thought to have found so much Wit in the Spring-Garden.

Tim. A Clergy man turned Drawer! a Pox on me if ever I saw the like of this.

Luc. Will you not Marry me? the Devil take you if you don't; you know how matters stand, prethee my dear do.

Ber. Fy, in Faith you must excuse me, how unreasonable's that?

Luc. Well, if ever I believe a Parson more? ——

Tim. So will I, I faith, for I am sure he did me right: Come hither Sweetheart. Gentlemen this Lady is my Wife, and one to my knowledge not unknown to you; and I desire before she show her Face, my good Fortune may purchase no mans Envy; she's a great Fortune, and shall when the King comes from *Newmarket*, and I am a Knight, be a Lady: But pray let me offend none.

Om. None, none, Sir. [*pulls off* Bett. *Mask.*

Tim. Why then behold a wonder; dear Brother, I kiss your Feet.

Om. Betty!

Bett. The very same, one shuffled into a Fortune by very strange means in truth.

Sir For. Married to my Daughters Chambermaid! ha, ha, ha, this makes amends for all; I thought what would become of this Modish Gallant, this Fool turn'd Critick; ha, ha, ha.

Old Wi

Old Wine. Hah — what's all this? no more Plots I hope.

Tim. Now are all they such Fools they don't understand me yet; well 'tis the dullest Age this.

Franck. Hark you Sir, this Wench is not my Sister: But as I hope to be saved I don't envy you at all, I know not what they do.

Tim. Come prethee Sweethearo, undeceive 'em, undeceive 'em, tell em what thou art.

Bett. Why then really Sir, I am a necessary Implement to that Lady there.

Tim. Well, suppose this, the ten thousand Pound I hope is yours; what Portion have you?

Bett. Not a Groat in truth, as I hope to be a Lady Sir.

Old Wine. A Lady Sir! O the Devil! what luck's this *Tim*? thou art cheated *Tim*, thou art, I would give a hundred Pounds to prevent the infamy will follow a Critick.

Bett. But shall I have a Gilt Coach my Dear?

Sir For. Faith this is better then I thought of; now Sir, what think you of two thousand Pounds with my Daughter, ha, ha, ha.

Old Wine. Oh pray spare your Jibes. Come *Tim*, be not disheartned, this has been many a Gallants Fortune, and I'le get a Divorce for thee, if five hundred Pounds will fetch one; be merry I say. A pox on't, all that vexes me is, that it has put me out of my good humour.

Franck. Oh fye by no means Sir, Wee'l have a Song and a Dance, a mans ill Fortune is not to be avoided sometimes, pray let's be merry there.

Old Wine. So now I begin to feel my former Temper, *Tim* cheer up.

Tim. Had she been a degree above a Chambermaid, I had been patient; but since 'tis as 'tis, I Gad I will Lampoon the whole world, Criticise upon all sorts of Persons and Things; be very envyous, proud, foolish, and ill natured, and then I shall be sure to outwear my disgraces and be famous.

Fra. Bernard, give me thy hand, since our Fortunes have been much alike, let's now forget past Injuries, and unite a firmer Friendship then ever: I have done thee wrong I confess, but my amends shall be equally to it. For both Sword and Heart shall henceforth be devoted to thy service.

Bern. This Cancells all distasts, and therefore know as I desire not to be thought Treacherous, so I have a perfect value for the generous, which your Action in this demonstrates you to be: Be but my Friend, I shall ne'r wish other, nor shall a Mistress make us Jarre again: Thy Temper made thee false, and I well know

As too much Zeal can oft distract the Wise,
So Love has power to break what Friendship tyes.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

OLd Plays, like Miſtreſſes long ſince enjoy'd,
Long after pleaſe whom they before had cloy'd;
For Fancy chews the Cud on paſt Delight,
And cheats it ſelf to a new Appetiet.
But then the Second Fit comes not ſo ſtrong,
Like ſecond Agues, neither fierce nor long:
What you have known before, grows ſooner ſtale,
And leſs provokes you, then an untold tale.
That but refreſhes what before you knew,
But this diſcovers ſomething that is new;
Hence 'tis, that at new Plays you come ſo ſoon,
Like Bride-grooms, hot, to go to Bed e're noon!
Or, if you are detain'd ſome little ſpace,
The ſtinking Footman's ſent to keep your place.
But, when a Play's reviv'd, you ſtay and dine,
And drink till three, and then come dropping in;
As Husband after abſence, wait all day,
And decently for Spouſe till bed time ſtay,
So, e're the Brethren's liberal fit was ſpent,
The firſt wiſe Nonconformiſts *under-went*
With eaſe, and batten'd in impriſonment.
For greater gains, his zeal refus'd the leſs;
Each day to him was worth a Dioceſs.
But he who now, in hopes of equal gain,
Will needs be Priſ'ner, tryes the trick in vain;
He melts in durance half his Greaſe away,
To get, like us, poor thirteen Pounds a day.